AMERICA

THE CIVIL WAR

1861—1865

"Peace in Union"—The Surrender of Robert E. Lee at Appomatox
(*From the painting by Thomas Nast*)

AMERICA

Great Crises In Our History Told by Its Makers

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Volume VIII
The Civil War
1861—1865

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THE CIVIL WAR
1861—1865

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION

By William H. Herndon

HERNDON'S "Life of Lincoln," from which this account is taken, by permission of D. Appleton & Company, is highly regarded for its fidelity in portraying the "Great Emancipator," and for its exposition of certain elemental points in his character.

Herndon and Lincoln had been law partners for sixteen years in Springfield, Illinois, when the latter became President of the United States. It did not terminate their partnership, for, as the biographer says, before leaving Springfield for Washington, Lincoln "made the strange request that the sign-board (Lincoln & Herndon), which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway, should remain."

It is curious that Herndon, partner and biographer of Lincoln, should have been removed from college by his father "in consequence of the abolition sentiments of the faculty." The famous partnership was formed in 1844 and lasted until Lincoln's death.

LATE in January Mr. Lincoln informed me that he was ready to begin the preparation of his inaugural address. He had, aside from his law books and the few gilded volumes that ornamented the center-table in his parlor at home, comparatively no library. He never seemed to care to own or collect books. On the other hand I had a very respectable collection, and was adding to it every day. To my library Lincoln very frequently had access. When, therefore, he began on his inaugural speech he told me what works he intended to consult. I looked for a long list, but when he went over it I was greatly surprised. He asked me to furnish him with Henry Clay's great speech delivered

in 1850; Andrew Jackson's proclamation against nullification; and a copy of the Constitution. He afterward called for Webster's reply to Hayne, a speech which he read when he lived at New Salem, and which he always regarded as the grandest specimen of American oratory. With these few "volumes," and no further source of reference, he locked himself up in a room upstairs over a store across the street from the State House, and there, cut off from all communication and intrusion, he prepared the address. Though composed amid the unromantic surroundings of a dingy, dusty and neglected back room, the speech has become a memorable document. Posterity will assign it to a high rank among historical utterances; and it will ever bear comparison with the efforts of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, or any that preceded its delivery from the steps of the national Capitol. . . .

Early in February the last item of preparation for the journey to Washington had been made. Mr. Lincoln had disposed of his household goods and furniture to a neighbor, had rented his house; and as these constituted all the property he owned in Illinois, there was no further occasion for concern on that score. In the afternoon of his last day in Springfield he came down to our office to examine some papers and confer with me about certain legal matters in which he still felt some interest. On several previous occasions he had told me he was coming over to the office "to have a long talk with me," as he expressed it. We ran over the books and arranged for the completion of

all unsettled and unfinished matters. In some cases he had certain requests to make—certain lines of procedure he wished me to observe.

After these things were all disposed of he crossed to the opposite side of the room and threw himself down on the old office sofa, which, after many years of service, had been moved against the wall for support. He lay for some moments, his face toward the ceiling, without either of us speaking. Presently he inquired, "Billy,"—he always called me by that name —"how long have we been together?" "Over sixteen years," I answered. "We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?" to which I returned a vehement, "No, indeed we have not." He then recalled some incidents of his early practice and took great pleasure in delineating the ludicrous features of many a lawsuit on the circuit.

It was at this last interview in Springfield that he told me of the efforts that had been made by other lawyers to supplant me in the partnership with him. He insisted that such men were weak creatures, who, to use his own language, "hoped to secure a law practice by hanging to his coat-tail." I never saw him in a more cheerful mood. He gathered a bundle of books and papers he wished to take with him and started to go; but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway, should remain. "Let it hang there undisturbed," he said, with a significant lowering of his voice. "Give our clients to

understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I'm coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had ever happened."

He lingered for a moment as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed through the door into the narrow hallway. I accompanied him downstairs. On the way he spoke of the unpleasant features surrounding the Presidential office. "I am sick of office-holding already," he complained, "and I shudder when I think of the tasks that are still ahead." He said the sorrow of parting from his old associations was deeper than most persons would imagine, but it was more marked in his case because of the feeling which had become irrepressible that he would never return alive. I argued against the thought, characterizing it as an illusory notion not in harmony or keeping with the popular ideal of a President. "But it is in keeping with my philosophy," was his quick retort. Our conversation was frequently broken in upon by the interruptions of passers-by, who, each in succession, seemed desirous of claiming his attention. At length he broke away from them all. Grasping my hand warmly and with a fervent "Good-by," he disappeared down the street, and never came back to the office again.

On the morning following this last interview, the 11th day of February, the Presidential party repaired to the railway station, where the train which was to convey them to Washington awaited the ceremony of

departure. . . . The day was a stormy one, with dense clouds hanging heavily overhead. A goodly throng of Springfield people had gathered to see the distinguished party safely off. . . . The train rolled slowly out, and Mr. Lincoln, still standing in the doorway of the rear car, took his last view of Springfield. The journey had been as well advertised as it had been carefully planned, and, therefore, at every town along the route, and at every stop, great crowds were gathered to catch a glimpse of the President-elect. Mr. Lincoln usually gratified the wishes of the crowds, who called him out for a speech whether it was down on the regular program of movements or not. In all cases his remarks were well-timed and sensibly uttered. . . .

Having at last reached his destination in safety, Mr. Lincoln spent the few days preceding his inauguration at Willard's Hotel, receiving an uninterrupted stream of visitors and friends. In the few unoccupied moments allotted him, he was carefully revising his inaugural address. On the morning of the 4th of March he rode from his hotel with Mr. Buchanan in an open barouche to the Capitol. There, slightly pale and nervous, he was introduced to the assembled multitude by his old friend, Edward D. Baker, and in a fervid and impressive manner delivered his address. At its conclusion the customary oath was administered by the venerable Chief Justice Taney, and he was now clothed with all the powers and privileges of Chief Magistrate of the nation. He

accompanied Mr. Buchanan to the White House, and here the historic bachelor of Lancaster bade him farewell, bespeaking for him a peaceful, prosperous, and successful administration. One who witnessed the impressive scene left the following graphic description of the inauguration and its principal incidents:

"Near noon I found myself a member of the motley crowd gathered about the side-entrance to Willard's Hotel. Soon an open barouche drove up, and the only occupant stepped out. A large, heavy, awkward-moving man, far advanced in years, short and thin gray hair, full face, plentifully seamed and wrinkled, head curiously inclined to the left shoulder, a low-crowned, broad-brimmed silk hat, an immense white cravat like a poultice, thrusting the old-fashioned standing collar up to the ears, dressed in black throughout, with swallowtail coat not of the newest style. It was President Buchanan, calling to take his successor to the Capitol.

"In a few minutes he reappeared, with Mr. Lincoln on his arm; the two took seats side by side, and the carriage rolled away, followed by a rather disorderly and certainly not very imposing procession. I had ample time to walk to the Capitol, and no difficulty in securing a place where everything could be seen and heard to the best advantage. The attendance at the inauguration was, they told me, unusually small, many being kept away by anticipated disturbance, as it had been rumored—truly, too—that General Scott himself was fearful of an outbreak, and had

made all possible military preparations to meet the emergency. A square platform had been built out from the steps to the eastern portico, with benches for distinguished spectators on three sides. Douglas, the only one I recognized, sat at the extreme end of the seat on the right of the narrow passage leading from the steps.

"There was no delay, and the gaunt form of the President-elect was soon visible, slowly making his way to the front. To me, at least, he was completely metamorphosed—partly by his own fault, and partly through the efforts of injudicious friends and ambitious tailors. He was raising (to gratify a very young lady, it is said), a crop of whiskers, of the blacking-brush variety, coarse, stiff, and ungraceful; and in so doing spoiled, or at least seriously impaired, a face which, though never handsome, had in its original state a peculiar power and pathos. On the present occasion the whiskers were reinforced by brand new clothes from top to toe; black dress coat instead of the usual frock, black cloth or satin vest, black pantaloons, and a glossy hat evidently just out of the box. To cap the climax of novelty, he carried a huge ebony cane, with a gold head the size of an egg. In these, to him, strange habiliments, he looked so miserably uncomfortable that I could not help pitying him.

"Reaching the platform, his discomfort was visibly increased by not knowing what to do with hat and cane; and so he stood there, the target for ten thousand eyes, holding cane in one hand and hat in the

other, the very picture of helpless embarrassment. After some hesitation he pushed the cane into a corner of the railing, but could not find a place for the hat except on the floor, where I could see he did not like to risk it. Douglas, who fully took in the situation, came to the rescue of his old friend and rival, and held the precious hat until the owner needed it again; a service which, if predicted two years before, would probably have astonished him.

"The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Taney, whose black robes, attenuated figure, and cadaverous countenance reminded me of a galvanized corpse. Then the President came forward and read his inaugural address in a clear and distinct voice. It was attentively listened to by all, but the closest listener was Douglas, who leaned forward as if to catch every word, nodding his head emphatically at those passages which most pleased him. There was some applause, not very much nor very enthusiastic. I must not forget to mention the presence of a Mephistopheles in the person of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, who stood with folded arms leaning against the doorway of the Capitol, looking down upon the crowd and the ceremony with a contemptuous air, which sufficiently indicated his opinion of the whole performance. To him, the Southern Confederacy was already an accomplished fact. He lived to see it the saddest of fictions."

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

LINCOLN delivering his first inaugural address was at his very best. He was in his prime, at the height of his powers, and his speech, full of the best qualities of his generous nature, made a decisive impression. Beside Lincoln on the stand was his old political rival, the "little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, holding the high silk hat of the man he had once attempted to ridicule in their celebrated debates up and down the Mississippi Valley.

Less than two months before (January 21, 1861) Jefferson Davis had bid farewell to the Senate, and on February 9th he had been elected, and on the 18th of the same month inaugurated, President of the Confederacy.

Lincoln denied the right of any State or any group of States to leave the Union, and throughout the South his speech was received as a declaration of war. They rushed their preparations, and less than six weeks later General Beauregard, on behalf of the Confederate Government, fired on Fort Sumter.

FELLOW - CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES:

In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take, in your presence, the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary, at present, for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement. Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that, by the accession of a Republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has

never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches, when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists." I believe I have no lawful right to do so; and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this, and made many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform, for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are

to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming administration.

I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the law-giver is the law.

All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as well as any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done; and should any one, in any case, be content that this oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath today with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. Dur-

ing that period, fifteen different and very distinguished citizens have in succession administered the executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties.

A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in the contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the natures of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself.

The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of the Confederation, in 1778; and finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was to form a more perfect Union. But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this, which I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, I shall perfectly perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the Ameri-

can people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.

I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it is forced upon the national authority.

The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere.

Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people that object. While strict legal right may exist of the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it best to forego, for the time, the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.

So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection.

The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modifica-

tion or change to be proper; and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons, in one section or another, who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny. But if there be such, I need address no word to them.

To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak, before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes? Would it not be well to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step, while any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from? Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake? All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this.

Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly-written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly-

written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution; it certainly would if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case.

All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by National or by State authorities? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities.

If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no alternative for continuing the Government but acquiescence on the one side or the other. If a minority in such a case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in turn, will ruin and divide them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why not any portion of a new Confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions

of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this. Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession? Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

A majority held in restraint by constitutional check and limitation, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible. So that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism, in some form, is all that is left.

I do not forget the position assumed by some that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court, nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to a very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government; and while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice.

At the same time the candid citizen must confess

that if the policy of the Government upon the vital question affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, as in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own masters, unless having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the Judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink, to decide cases properly brought before them; and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes. One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended; and this is the only substantial dispute; and the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction, in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate; we cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendment, I fully recognize the full authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself, and I should, under existing circumstances, favor,

rather than oppose, a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it.

I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish either to accept or refuse. I understand that a proposed amendment to the Constitution (which amendment, however, I have not seen) has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix the terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves, also, can do this if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?

In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people. By the frame of the Government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it.

Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either.

If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism,

Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you.

You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection.

The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET

By Charles A. Dana

DANA, who thus depicts Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet — Seward, Stanton, Chase and Welles—in his "Recollections of the Civil War," was Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton. Before the war he had long been managing editor of the New York "Tribune," but in 1862 he disagreed with Horace Greeley in war politics as enunciated by Greeley in a memorable editorial, "On to Richmond," and resigned. He was a war correspondent at the time Stanton secured his assistance during 1863-4.

After the war Dana edited the Chicago "Republican," which failed. He then founded the New York "Sun," and edited it with conspicuous success from 1868 until his death in 1897. This article is taken from his "Recollections," by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.

DURING the first winter I spent in Washington in the War Department I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln, and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and of an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of his position. He never posed, or put on airs, or attempted to make any particular impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and purposes, even in his most unreserved moments.

I knew, too, and saw frequently, all the members of his Cabinet. When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated

as President, his first act was to name his Cabinet; and it was a common remark at the time that he had put into it every man who had competed with him for the nomination. The first in importance was William H. Seward, of New York, Mr. Lincoln's most prominent competitor. Mr. Seward was made Secretary of State. He was an interesting man, of an optimistic temperament, and he probably had the most cultivated and comprehensive intellect in the administration. He was a man who was all his life in controversies, yet he was singular in this, that, though forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies. Seward had great ability as a writer, and he had what is very rare in a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman—imagination. A fine illustration of his genius was the acquisition of Alaska. That was one of the last things that he did before he went out of office, and it demonstrated more than anything else his fixed and never-changing idea that all North America should be united under one government.

Mr. Seward was an admirable writer and an impressive, though entirely unpretentious speaker. He stood up and talked as though he were engaged in conversation, and the effect was always great. It gave the impression of a man deliberating "out loud" with himself.

The second man in importance and ability to be put into the Cabinet was Mr. Chase, of Ohio. He was an able, noble, spotless statesman, a man who would have been worthy of the best days of the old

Roman Republic. He had been a candidate for the Presidency, though a less conspicuous one than Seward. Mr. Chase was a portly man; tall, and of an impressive appearance, with a very handsome, large head. He was genial, though very decided, and occasionally he would criticize the President, a thing I never heard Mr. Seward do. Chase had been successful in Ohio politics, and in the Treasury Department his administration was satisfactory to the public. He was the author of the national banking law. . . .

Mr. Stanton was a short, thick, dark man, with a very large head and a mass of black hair. His nature was intense, and he was one of the most eloquent men that I ever met. Stanton was entirely absorbed in his duties, and his energy in prosecuting them was something almost superhuman. When he took hold of the War Department the armies seemed to grow, and they certainly gained in force and vim and thoroughness.

One of the first things which struck me in Mr. Stanton was his deep religious feeling and his familiarity with the Bible. He must have studied the Bible a great deal when he was a boy. He had the firmest conviction that the Lord directed our armies. There was never any cant in Stanton's religious feeling. It was the straightforward expression of what he believed and lived, and was as simple and genuine and real to him as the principles of his business.

Stanton was a serious student of history. He had read many books on the subject—more than on any

other, I should say—and he was fond of discussing historical characters with his associates; not that he made a show of his learning. He was fond, too, of discussing legal questions, and would listen with eagerness to the statement of cases in which friends had been interested. He was a man who was devoted to his friends, and he had a good many with whom he liked to sit down and talk. In conversation he was witty and satirical; he told a story well, and was very companionable. . . .

There were certain men in whom he had little faith, and I have heard him speak of some of these in a tone of severity. He was a man of the quickest intelligence, and understood a thing before half of it was told him. His judgment was just as swift, and when he got hold of a man who did not understand, who did not state his case clearly, he was very impatient. If Stanton liked a man, he was always pleasant. I was with him for several years in the most confidential relations, and I can now recall only one instance of his speaking to me in a harsh tone. . . .

The Secretary of the Navy throughout the war, was Gideon Welles, of Connecticut. Welles was a curious-looking man: he wore a wig which was parted in the middle, the hair falling down on each side; and it was from his peculiar appearance, I have always thought, that the idea that he was an old fogy originated. I remember Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, coming into my office at the War Department one day, and asking where he could find "that old Mormon

deacon, the Secretary of the Navy." In spite of his peculiarities, I think Mr. Welles was a very wise, strong man. There was nothing decorative about him; there was no noise in the street when he went along; but he understood his duty, and did it efficiently, continually, and unvaryingly. There was a good deal of opposition to him, for we had no navy when the war began, and he had to create one without much deliberation; but he was patient, laborious, and intelligent at his task. . . .

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying candor, respect, and kindness; but though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this was true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of self-hood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will in questions where responsibility fell upon him. If he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them, that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them. At the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when any member of the Cabinet had got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the policy or

conduct of the President. Not that they were always satisfied with his actions; the members of the Cabinet, like human beings in general, were not pleased with everything. In their judgment much was imperfect in the administration; much, they felt, would have been done better if their views had been adopted and they individually had had charge of it. Not so with the President.

He was calm, equable, uncomplaining. In the discussion of important questions, whatever he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He never was impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To every one he was pleasant and cordial. Yet they all felt it was his word that went at last; that every case was open until he gave his decision.

This impression of authority, of reserve force, Mr. Lincoln always gave to those about him. Even physically he was impressive. According to the record measurements, he was six feet four inches in height. That is, he was at least four inches taller than the tall, ordinary man. When he rode out on horseback to review an army, as I have frequently seen him do, he wore usually a high hat, and then he looked like a giant. There was no waste or excess of material about his frame; nevertheless, he was very strong and muscular. I remember that the last time I went to see him at the White House—the afternoon before he was killed—I found him in a side-room with coat

off and sleeves rolled up, washing his hands. He had finished his work for the day, and was going away. I noticed then the thinness of his arms, and how well developed, strong, and active his muscles seemed to be. In fact, there was nothing flabby or feeble about Mr. Lincoln physically. He was a very quick man in his movements when he chose to be, and he had immense physical endurance. Night after night he would work late and hard without being wilted by it, and he always seemed as ready for the next day's work as though he had done nothing the day before.

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen a woman's smile that approached it in its engaging quality, nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him. I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were near him you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except, What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one did not care to criticize him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward

thing, the dignity of his character and manner would have made it seem graceful and becoming.

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity; the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence, combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and you respected him accordingly. . . .

Lincoln had the most comprehensive, the most judicious mind; he was the least faulty in his conclusions of any man I have ever known. He never stepped too soon, and he never stepped too late. When the whole Northern country seemed clamoring for him to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery, he didn't do it. Deputation after deputation went to Washington. I remember once a hundred gentlemen, dressed in black coats, mostly clergymen from Massachusetts, came to Washington to appeal to him to proclaim the abolition of slavery. But he did not do it. He allowed Mr. Cameron and General Butler to execute their great idea of treating slaves as contraband of war and protecting those who had got into our lines against being recaptured by their Southern owners; but he would not prematurely make the proclamation that was so much desired. Finally the time came, and of that he was the judge. Nobody else

decided it; nobody commanded it; the proclamation was issued as he thought best, and it was efficacious. . . .

This unerring judgment, this patience which waited and which knew when the right time had arrived, is an intellectual quality that I do not find exercised upon any such scale and with such absolute precision by any other man in history. It proves Abraham Lincoln to have been intellectually one of the greatest of rulers. If we look through the record of great men, where is there one to be placed beside him? I do not know.

Another interesting fact about Abraham Lincoln is that he developed into a great military man; that is to say, a man of supreme military judgment. I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war, and study the writings relating to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning; but after three or four years of constant practice in the science and art of war, he arrived at this extraordinary knowledge of it, so that Von Moltke was not a better general, or an abler planner or expounder of a campaign, than was President Lincoln. To sum it up, he was a born leader of men. He knew human nature; he knew what chord to strike, and was never afraid to strike it when he believed that the time had arrived. . . .

Another remarkable peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's was that he seemed to have no illusions. He had no

freakish notions that things were so, or might be so, when they were not so. All his thinking and reasoning, all his mind, in short, was based continually upon actual facts, and upon facts of which, as I said, he saw the essence. I never heard him say anything that was not so. I never heard him foretell things; he told what they were, but I never heard him intimate that such and such consequences were likely to happen without the consequences following. I should say, perhaps, that his greatest quality was wisdom. And this is something superior to talent, superior to education. It is again genius; I do not think it can be acquired. All the advice that he gave was wise, and it was always timely. This wisdom, it is scarcely necessary to add, had its animating philosophy in his own famous words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

SECESSION AS A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT

By Senator Robert Toombs

TOOMBS, a Georgian, made this speech in the Senate in 1861, shortly before he withdrew from Congress to espouse the Southern cause and become Confederate Secretary of State. As an old-time Whig, he was disposed to be loyal to the Union, and as an able lawyer he understood the advantages of it; but as an advocate of States' Rights, he saw in secession the only hope of the South to remain free and independent.

Some of his arguments in this typical "fire-eating" oration are unassailable as statements of fact. Resigning from the Jefferson Davis Cabinet after a short term, he was commissioned a brigadier-general, and served in the second battle of Bull Run and at Sharpsburg.

After the war Toombs was a power at the Georgia bar, and never took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

THESE thirteen colonies originally had no bond of union whatever; no more than Jamaica and Australia have to-day. They were wholly separate communities, independent of each other, and dependent on the Crown of Great Britain. All the union between them that was ever made is in writing. They made two written compacts.

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and duties of the Federal Government. . . . All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them, by declaring that the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the States, belonged to the States respectively or

the people. Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test. The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. . . . This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all States, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulations concerning the Territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.

But, you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By your judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then; by yours? No, not until the same time. How then try it? The South has always said it, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln says he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. We decline it. You say you will enforce it by executing laws; that means your judgment of what the laws ought to be. Perhaps you will have a good time of executing your judgment. The Senator from Kentucky comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place to look for State rights. If that right belongs to independent States, and they did not cede

it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the States, or to the people. Ask your new commentator where he gets your right to judge for us. Is it in the bond? . . .

. . . In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone at last becomes the real, if not the constitutional, arbiter. Your party says that you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago; you said so in committee; every man of you in both Houses says so. What are you going to do? You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it, if you can make us; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution; but there is a big fact standing before you, ready to oppose you—that fact is, freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them; we have passed that point; they demand equal rights: you had better heed the demand. . . .

I have, then, established the proposition—it is admitted—that you seek to outlaw $4,000,000,000 of property of our people in the Territories of the United States. Is not that a cause of war? Is it a grievance that $4,000,000,000 of the property of the people should be outlawed in the Territories of the United States by the common Government? . . . Then you have declared, Lincoln declares, your platform declares, your people declare, your Legislatures declare —there is one voice running through your entire

phalanx—that we shall be outlawed in the Territories of the United States. I say we will not be; and we are willing to meet the issue; and rather than submit to such an outlawry, we will defend our territorial rights as we would our household goods. . . .

You will not regard Confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State, a free State, to lie down and submit because political fossils raise the cry of the glorious Union? Too long already have we listened to this delusive song. We are freemen. We have rights; I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude four thousand million of our property from the common Territories; that it has declared us under the ban of the Empire, and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal Power, and the Constitution denies to us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or armies for our own defense. All these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world, and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of Heaven itself, upon the justice of these causes.

THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF FORT SUMTER

By Major John Gray Foster

MAJOR FOSTER (later brevetted major-general) assisted Major Robert Anderson in the defense of Fort Sumter, April 12-13, 1861, when it was bombarded and reduced by the Confederate batteries in Charleston Harbor. As director of engineering operations of the United States troops at Charleston, Foster had superintended the construction of Fort Sumter and the repairing of Fort Moultrie, from which he had helped transfer the Federal garrison to Fort Sumter. He was a graduate of West Point.

On April 11, 1861, acting under orders from President Jefferson Davis, General Beauregard, commanding the Confederate forces at Charleston, had demanded the evacuation of the fort. Anderson refused to withdraw. The historic bombardment followed, as here recounted. The garrison of 128 men left the fort on April thirteenth with the honors of war. There was no one wounded or killed on either side during the action.

APRIL 12th—At one a.m. four aides of General Beauregard . . . came with a second letter, stating that as Major Anderson had been understood to make a remark to the bearers of the first letter, in taking leave, that he would "await the first shot, and if not battered to pieces, would be starved out in a few days," it was desired to know what importance might be attached to it. The reply of Major Anderson did not satisfy the aides, who were authorized in that case to give notice that the fire would open. Accordingly, on leaving at 3:30 a.m., they gave notice that their batteries would open in one hour.

At 4:30 a.m. a signal shell was thrown from the mortar battery on James Island; after which the fire soon became general from all the hostile batteries. . . .

At 7 a.m. the guns of Fort Sumter replied, the first shot being fired from the battery at the right gorge angle, in charge of Captain Doubleday. . . .

The supply of cartridges, 700 in number, with which the engagement commenced, became so much reduced by the middle of the day, although the six needles in the fort were kept steadily employed, that the firing was forced to slacken, and to be confined to six guns—two firing towards Morris Island, two towards Fort Moultrie, and two towards the batteries on the west end of Sullivan's Island.

At 1 o'clock two United States men-of-war were seen off the bar, and soon after a third appeared.

The fire of our batteries continued steadily until dark. The effect of the fire was not very good, owing to the insufficient caliber of the guns for the long range, and not much damage appeared to be done to any of the batteries, except those of Fort Moultrie, where our two 42-pounders appeared to have silenced one gun for a time, to have injured the embrasures considerably, riddled the barracks and quarters, and torn three holes through their flag. . . .

The effect of the enemy's fire upon Fort Sumter during the day was very marked in respect to the vertical fire. This was so well directed and so well sustained that from the seventeen mortars engaged in firing 10-inch shells, one-half of the shells came within

or exploded above the parapet of the fort, and only about ten buried themselves in the soft earth of the parade without exploding. In consequence of this precision of vertical fire, Major Anderson decided not to man the upper tier of guns, as by doing so the loss of men, notwithstanding the traverses and bomb-proof shelters that I had constructed, must have been great. . . .

. . . The effect of the direct fire from the enemy's guns was not so marked as the vertical. For several hours firing from the commencement a large proportion of their shot missed the fort. Subsequently it improved, and did considerable damage to the roof and upper story of the barracks and quarters, and to the tops of the chimneys on the gorge. . . .

The night was very stormy, with high wind and tide. I found out, however, by personal inspection, that the exterior of the work was not damaged to any considerable extent, and that all the facilities for taking in supplies, in case they arrived, were as complete as circumstances would admit. The enemy threw shells every ten or fifteen minutes during the night. The making of cartridge bags was continued by the men, under Lieutenant Meade's directions, until 12 o'clock, when they were ordered to stop by Major Anderson. To obtain materials for the bags all the extra clothing of the companies was cut up, and all coarse paper and extra hospital sheets used.

April 13.—At daybreak no material alteration was observed in the enemy's batteries. The three U. S.

men-of-war were still off the bar. The last of the rice was cooked this morning, and served with the pork —the only other article of food left in the engineer mess-room, where the whole command has messed since the opening of the fire. After this the fire was reopened, and continued very briskly as long as the increased supply of cartridges lasted. The enemy reopened fire at daylight, and continued it with rapidity. The aim of the enemy's gunners was better than yesterday. . . .

It soon became evident that they were firing hot shot from a large number of their guns, especially from those in Fort Moultrie, and at nine o'clock I saw volumes of smoke issuing from the roof of the officers' quarters, where a shot had just penetrated. From the exposed position it was utterly impossible to extinguish the flames, and I therefore immediately notified the commanding officer of the fact, and obtained his permission to remove as much powder from the magazine as was possible before the flames, which were only one set of quarters distant, should encircle the magazine and make it necessary to close it. All the men and officers not engaged at the guns worked rapidly and zealously at this, but so rapid was the spread of the flames that only fifty barrels of powder could be taken out and distributed around in the casemates before the fire and heat made it necessary to close the magazine doors and pack earth against them. The men then withdrew to the casemates on the faces of the fort. As soon as the flames and smoke burst

from the roof of the quarters the enemy's batteries redoubled the rapidity of their firing, firing red-hot shot from most of their guns. The whole range of officers' quarters was soon in flames. The wind being from the southward, communicated fire to the roof of the barracks, and this being aided by the hot shot constantly lodging there, spread to the entire roofs of both barracks, so that by twelve o'clock all the woodwork of quarters and of upper story of barracks was in flames. Although the floors of the barracks were fire-proof, the utmost exertions of the officers and men were often required to prevent the fire communicating down the stairways, and from the exterior, to the doors, window frames, and other woodwork of the east barrack, in which the officers and men had taken their quarters. All the woodwork in the west barrack was burned. The clouds of smoke and cinders which were sent into the casemates by the wind set on fire many boxes, beds, and other articles belonging to the men, and made it dangerous to retain the powder which had been saved from the magazine. The commanding officer accordingly gave orders to have all but five barrels thrown out of the embrasures into the water, which was done.

The small stock of cartridges now only allowed a gun to be fired at intervals of ten minutes. . . .

At 1 o'clock the flagstaff, having been struck twice before this morning, fell. The flag was immediately secured by Lieutenant Hall, and as soon as it could be attached to a temporary staff, hoisted again upon the

parapet at the middle of the right face by Lieutenant Snyder, Corps of Engineers, assisted by Hart, and Davey, a laborer.

About this time information was brought to the commanding officer that Mr. Wigfall, bearing a white flag, was on the outside, and wished to see him. He accordingly went out to meet Mr. Wigfall, passing through the blazing gateway, accompanied by Lieutenant Snyder. In the meantime, however, Mr. Wigfall had passed to an embrasure on the left flank, where, upon showing the white flag upon his sword, he was permitted to enter, and Lieutenant Snyder entering immediately after, accompanied him down the batteries to where some other officers were posted, to whom Mr. Wigfall commenced to address himself, to the effect that he came from General Beauregard to desire that, inasmuch as the flag of the fort was shot down, a fire raging in the quarters, and the garrison in a great strait, hostilities be suspended, and the white flag raised for this object. He was replied to that our flag was again hoisted on the parapet, that the white flag would not be hoisted except by order of the commanding officer, and that his own batteries should set the example of suspending fire. He then referred to the fact of the batteries on Cummings Point, from which he came, having stopped firing, and asked that his own white flag might be waved to indicate to the batteries on Sullivan's Island to cease also. This was refused; but he was permitted to wave the white flag himself, getting into an embrasure for this purpose.

Having done this for a few moments, Lieutenant Davis, First Artillery, permitted a corporal to relieve him. Very soon, however, a shot striking very near to the embrasure, the corporal jumped inside, and declared to Mr. Wigfall that "he would not hold his flag, for it was not respected."

At this moment the commanding officer, having reentered through an embrasure, came up. To him Mr. Wigfall addressed nearly the same remarks that he had used on entering, adding some complimentary things about the manner in which the defense had been made, and ending by renewing the request to suspend hostilities in order to arrange terms of evacuation. The commanding officer desiring to know what terms he came to offer, Mr. Wigfall replied, "Any terms that you may desire—your own terms—the precise nature of which General Beauregard will arrange with you."

The commanding officer then accepted the conditions, saying that the terms he accepted were those proposed by General Beauregard on the 11th, namely: To evacuate the fort with his command, taking arms and all private and company property, saluting the United States flag as it was lowered, and being conveyed, if he desired it, to any Northern port. With this understanding Mr. Wigfall left, and the white flag was raised and the United States flag lowered by order of the commanding officer.

Very soon after a boat arrived from the city, containing three aides of General Beauregard, with a mes-

sage to the effect that, observing the white flag hoisted, General B. sent to inquire what aid he could lend in extinguishing the flames, &c. Being made acquainted with the condition of affairs and Mr. Wigfall's visit, they stated that the latter, although an aid of General Beauregard, had not seen him for two days.

The commanding officer then stated that the United States flag would be raised again, but yielded to the request of the aides for time to report to their chief and obtain his instructions. They soon returned, with the approval of all the conditions desired except the saluting of the flag as it was lowered, and this exception was subsequently removed after correspondence. In the morning communication was had with the fleet, and Captain Gillis paid a visit to the fort.

The evacuation was completed after saluting the flag, in doing which one man was instantly killed, one mortally and four severely wounded, by the premature discharge of a gun and explosion of a pile of cartridges. . . .

BEAUREGARD REPORTS THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER

His Official Communication to Jefferson Davis

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, who made this official report to President Jefferson Davis, had taken command of the Confederate forces at Charleston, South Carolina, on resigning from the superintendency of West Point, February 20, 1861. His was the distinction of having thus begun the Civil War. Beauregard had graduated at West Point in 1838. He distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and prior to the Civil War had been captain of engineers in fortifying Mobile and New Orleans.

There is some discrepancy between Beauregard's statement, in this report, that Major Anderson had refused "to designate the time when he would evacuate Fort Sumter, and to agree meanwhile not to use his guns against us," and Anderson's pledge to "evacuate Fort Sumter by noon on the 15th instant (April, 1861), and I will not in the meantime open my fires upon your forces, unless compelled to do so by some hostile act . . ."

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following summary statement of the circumstances of the surrender of Fort Sumter:

On the refusal of Major Anderson to engage, in compliance with my demand, to designate the time when he would evacuate Fort Sumter, and to agree meanwhile not to use his guns against us, at 3:20 o'clock in the morning of the 12th instant I gave him formal notice that within one hour my batteries would open on him. In consequence of some circumstance of delay the bombardment was not begun precisely at the appointed moment, but at 4:30 o'clock the signal gun was fired, and within twenty

minutes all our batteries were in full play. There was no response from Fort Sumter until about 7 o'clock, when the first shot from the enemy was discharged against our batteries on Cummings Point.

By 8 o'clock the action became general, and throughout the day was maintained by spirit on both sides. Our guns were served with skill and energy. The effect was visible in the impressions made on the walls of Fort Sumter. From our mortar batteries shells were thrown with such precision and rapidity that it soon became impossible for the enemy to employ his gun "en barbette," of which several were dismounted. The engagement was continued without any circumstance of special note until nightfall before which time the fire from Sumter had evidently slackened. Operations on our side were sustained throughout the night, provoking, however, only a feeble response.

On the morning of the 13th the action was prosecuted with renewed vigor, and about 7:30 o'clock it was discovered our shells had set fire to the barracks in the fort. Speedily volumes of smoke indicated an extensive conflagration, and apprehending some terrible calamity to the garrison, I immediately dispatched an offer of assistance to Major Anderson which, however, with grateful acknowledgments, he declined. Meanwhile, being informed about 2 o'clock that a white flag was displayed from Sumter, I dispatched two of my aides to Major Anderson with terms of evacuation. In recognition of the gallantry exhibited

by the garrison I cheerfully agreed that on surrendering the fort the commanding officer might salute his flag.

By 8 o'clock the terms of evacuation were definitely accepted. Major Anderson having expressed a desire to communicate with the United States vessels lying off the harbor, with a view to arranging for the transportation of his command to some port in the United States, one of his officers, accompanied by Captain Hartstene and three of my aides, was permitted to visit the officer in command of the squadron to make provision for that object. Because of an unavoidable delay the formal transfer of the fort to our possession did not take place until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th instant. At that hour, the place having been evacuated by the United States garrison, our troops occupied it, and the Confederate flag was hoisted on the ramparts of Sumter with a salute from the various batteries.

The steamer "Isabel" having been placed at the service of Major Anderson, he and his command were transferred to the United States vessels off the harbor. . . .

I remain, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Headquarters Provisional Army, C. S. A.,
Charleston, S. C.,
April 16, 1861.

GRANT ASKS FOR A COMMISSION IN THE ARMY

His Unanswered Letter to Colonel Lorenzo Thomas

GRANT wrote this letter to Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas from Galena, Illinois, May 24, 1861, six weeks after Civil War hostilities began at Fort Sumter. Strange to say, it was never answered, although Grant and Thomas were both graduates of West Point and had been fellow officers in the Mexican War.

Grant had retired from military service with the rank of captain, in 1854, and for five years had struggled at farming and as a real estate operator in the neighborhood of St. Louis, Missouri. Heavily in debt, owing to his ignorance of business methods, he had removed to Galena, Illinois, where this letter was written, and was there employed in his father's store at a salary of $800 a year.

Receiving no reply from the War Department at Washington, Grant accepted the colonelcy of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served under General Pope in Missouri until August, 1861.

SIR: Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the governernment expense to offer their services for the support of that government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment, if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to intrust one to me. Since the first call of the President, I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as

I could in the organization of our State militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Illinois, will reach me.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt.-Gen., U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN

By Alexander H. Stephens and General Joseph E. Johnston

IN this account which is taken from his review of the "War Between the States," Stephens incorporates General Johnston's official Confederate report of what has always been known in the South as the first Battle of Manassas. It was fought on July 21, 1861. Johnston, who shared credit for the victory with General Beauregard, was the senior in Confederate command. It was at Bull Run that the stubborn fighting power of a brigade under General Thomas Jonathan Jackson earned him the sobriquet of "Stonewall."

Contrary to the figures given by Johnston, historians generally are agreed that the Union forces under McDowell numbered about 29,000 men, or a thousand more than the Confederates, though the number actually engaged was only about 18,000 on each side. Also that the Federals lost 2,952, the Confederates 1,752. This battle changed the status of the conflict from that of a rebellion to that of a civil war.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, who had an army of about 8,000 men in the valley of the Shenandoah, beyond the mountains of the Blue Ridge—was immediately informed by telegraph from the War Department, at Richmond, of the situation; and directed to pursue such course as he might think best under the circumstances. He, by a movement with hardly a parallel in the annals of war, joined General Beauregard with his command in time to meet and drive back the advancing, threatening and formidable hosts! It was on this occasion that he displayed those qualities which so distinguished him throughout the war, and which so endeared him to the soldiers and people of the

Confederate States. Of this first great battle between the opposing sides, which may very properly be noticed here somewhat in detail, I will let him give the account himself. He being the senior in command, the control of all subsequent operations devolved on him as soon as he reached the field. This was on the evening of Saturday, the 20th. The bloody conflict came off on Sunday, the 21st. In his rapid movement to Manassas, he had pushed forward at the head of only a part of his forces, leaving the others to follow as quickly as possible. Here is his report of what ensued. I will print such parts as will give a clear and accurate account of the whole.

"In the exercise of the discretion conferred by the terms of the order, I at once determined to march to join General Beauregard. The best service which the Army of the Shenandoah could render was to prevent the defeat of that of the Potomac. To be able to do this, it was necessary in the first instance to defeat General Patterson, or to elude him. The latter course was the most speedy and certain, and was therefore adopted.

"I found General Beauregard's position too extensive, and the ground too densely wooded and intricate, to be learned in the brief time at my disposal, and therefore determined to rely upon his knowledge of it, and of the enemy's positions. This I did readily, from full confidence in his capacity. . . .

"Near nine o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a large body of troops was cross-

ing the Valley of Bull Run, some two miles above the bridge. General Bee, who had been placed near Colonel Cocke's position; Colonel Hampton, with his Legion, and Colonel Jackson, from a point near General Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank. . . .

"The enemy, under cover of a strong demonstration on our right, made a long detour through the woods on his right, crossed Bull Run two miles above our left, and threw himself upon the flank and rear of our position. This movement was fortunately discovered in time for us to check its progress, and ultimately to form a new line of battle nearly at right angles with the defensive line of Bull Run.

"On discovering that the enemy had crossed the stream above him, Colonel Evans moved to his left with eleven companies and two field pieces, to oppose his advance, and disposed his little force under cover of the wood, near the intersection of the Warrenton Turnpike and the Sudley Road. Here he was attacked by the enemy in immensely superior numbers, against which he maintained himself with skill and unshrinking courage. General Bee, moving toward the enemy, guided by the firing, had, with a soldier's eye, selected the position near the Henry House, and formed his troops upon it. They were the 7th and 8th Georgia, 4th Alabama, 2d Mississippi, and two companies of the 11th Mississippi Regiments, with Imboden's battery. Being compelled, however, to sustain Colonel Evans, he crossed the valley and formed

on the right and somewhat in advance of his position. Here the joint force, little exceeding five regiments, with six field-pieces, held the ground against about 15,000 United States troops for an hour, until, finding themselves outflanked by the continually arriving troops of the enemy, they fell back to General Bee's first position, upon the line of which Jackson, just arriving, formed his brigade and Stanard's battery. Colonel Hampton, who had by this time advanced with his legion as far as the turnpike, rendered efficient service in maintaining the orderly character of the retreat from that point; and here fell the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, his second in command.

"In the meantime I awaited with General Beauregard near the center, the full development of the enemy's designs. About 11 o'clock the violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, and the march of a large body of troops from the enemy's center toward the conflict was shown by clouds of dust. I was thus convinced that his great effort was to be made with his right. I stated that conviction to General Beauregard, and the absolute necessity of immediately strengthening our left as much as possible. Orders were accordingly at once sent to General Holmes and Colonel Early, to move with all speed to the sound of the firing, and to General Bonham to send up two of his regiments and a battery. General Beauregard and I then hurried at a rapid gallop to the scene of action, about four miles off. On the way I directed my chief of artillery, Colonel Pendleton, to fol-

low with his own and Alburtis's batteries. We came not a moment too soon. The long contest against fivefold odds and heavy losses, especially of field-officers, had greatly discouraged the troops of General Bee and Colonel Evans. Our presence with them under fire, and some example, had the happiest effect on the spirit of the troops. Order was soon restored, and the battle reëstablished, to which the firmness of Jackson's brigade greatly contributed.

"Then, in a brief and rapid conference, General Beauregard was assigned to the command of the left, which, as the younger officer, he claimed, while I returned to that of the whole field. The aspect of affairs was critical, but I had full confidence in the skill and indomitable courage of General Beauregard, the high soldierly qualities of Generals Bee and Jackson, and Colonel Evans, and the devoted patriotism of their troops. Orders were first despatched to hasten the march of General Holmes's, Colonel Early's, and General Bonham's regiments. General Ewell was also directed to follow with all speed. Many of the broken troops, fragments of companies, and individual stragglers, were reformed and brought into action with the aid of my staff and a portion of General Beauregard's. Colonel (Governor) Smith, with his battalion, and Colonel Hunton, with his regiment, were ordered up to reënforce the right. I have since learned that General Beauregard had previously ordered them into the battle. They belonged to his corps. Colonel Smith's cheerful courage had a fine

influence, not only upon the spirit of his own men, but upon the stragglers from the troops engaged.

"The largest body of these, equal to about four companies, having no competent field-officer, I placed under command of one of my staff, Colonel F. J. Thomas, who fell while gallantly leading it against the enemy. These reënforcements were all sent to the right to reëstablish more perfectly that part of our line. Having attended to these pressing duties at the immediate scene of conflict, my eye was next directed to Colonel Cocke's brigade, the nearest at hand. Hastening to his position, I desired him to lead his troops into action. He informed me, however, that a large body of the enemy's troops, beyond the stream and below the bridge, threatened us from that quarter. He was, therefore, left in his position.

"My headquarters were now established near the Lewis house. From this commanding elevation my view embraced the position of the enemy beyond the stream, and the approach to the Stone Bridge, a point of especial importance. I could also see the advances of our troops, far down the valley, in the direction of Manassas, and observe the progress of the action and the maneuvers of the enemy.

"We had now sixteen guns and 260 cavalry, and a little above nine regiments of the Army of the Shenandoah, and six guns, and less than the strength of three regiments of that of the Potomac, engaged with about 35,000 United States troops, among whom were full 3,000 men of the old regular army. Yet

this admirable artillery and brave infantry and cavalry lost no foot of ground. For nearly three hours they maintained their position, repelling five successive assaults by the heavy masses of the enemy, whose numbers enabled him continually to bring up fresh troops as their preceding columns were driven back. Colonel Stuart contributed to one of these repulses by a well-timed and vigorous charge on the enemy's right flank, with two companies of his cavalry. The efficiency of our infantry and cavalry might have been expected from a patriotic people, accustomed, like ours, to the management of arms and horses, but that of the artillery was little less than wonderful. They were opposed to batteries far superior in the number, range and equipment of their guns, with educated officers, and thoroughly instructed soldiers. We had but one educated artillerist, Colonel Pendleton—that model of a Christian soldier—yet they exhibited as much superiority to the enemy in skill as in courage. Their fire was superior, both in rapidity and precision.

"The expected reënforcements appeared soon after. Colonel Cocke was then desired to lead his brigade into action, to support the right of the troops engaged, which he did with alacrity and effect. Within a half hour the two regiments of General Bonham's brigade (Cash's and Kershaw's), came up, and were directed against the enemy's right, which he seemed to be strengthening. Fisher's North Carolina regiment was soon after sent in the same direction. About 3 o'clock, while the enemy seemed to be striving to

outflank and drive back our left, and thus separate us from Manassas, General E. K. Smith arrived with three regiments of Elzey's brigade. He was instructed to attack the right flank of the enemy now exposed to us. Before the movement was completed he fell, severely wounded. Colonel Elzey at once taking command, executed it with great promptitude and vigor. General Beauregard rapidly seized the opportunity thus afforded him, and threw forward his whole line. The enemy was driven back from the long-contested hill, and victory was no longer doubtful. He made yet another attempt to retrieve the day. He again extended his right, with a still wider sweep, to turn our left. Just as he reformed to renew the battle, Colonel Early's three regiments came upon the field. The enemy's new formation exposed his right flank more even than the previous one. Colonel Early was, therefore, ordered to throw himself directly upon it, supported by Colonel Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery. He executed this attack bravely and well, while a simultaneous charge was made by General Beauregard in front. The enemy was broken by this combined attack. He lost all the artillery which he had advanced to the scene of the conflict. He had no more fresh troops to rally on, and a general rout ensued.

"Our victory was as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery can be. An adequate force of cavalry would have made it decisive. . . .

"The admirable character of our troops is incontestably proved by the result of this battle; especially when it is remembered that little more than six thousand men of the army of the Shenandoah, with sixteen guns, and less than two thousand of that of the Potomac, with six guns, for full five hours successfully resisted thirty-five thousand United States troops, with a powerful artillery, and a superior force of regular cavalry. The brunt of this hard fought engagement fell upon the troops who held their ground so long, with such heroic resolution. The unfading honor which they won was dearly bought with the blood of many of our best and bravest. Theirs was far heavier, in proportion, than that of the troops coming later into action. . . .

"The loss of the Army of the Potomac was 108 killed, 510 wounded, 12 missing. That of the Army of the Shenandoah was 270 killed, 979 wounded, 18 missing. Total killed, 378; total wounded, 1,489; total missing, 30.

"That of the enemy could not be ascertained. It must have been between four and five thousand. Twenty-eight pieces of artillery, about 5,000 muskets, and nearly 500,000 cartridges; a garrison flag and ten colors were captured on the field or in the pursuit. Besides these, we captured 64 artillery horses with their harness, 26 wagons, and much camp equipage, clothing, and other property, abandoned in their flight."

BULL RUN AS SEEN THROUGH CRITICAL ENGLISH EYES

By William Howard Russell

THIS account of the first Battle of Bull Run appeared in the London Times *of August 6, 1861. It secured for its author the title of "Bull Run Russell" and occasioned his recall to England at the request of the Union leaders. Defeated in this first important battle of the war, the North was angered by criticisms of a veteran foreign war correspondent.*

On July 21, 1861, was fought this battle, in which the Confederates, under Generals Johnston and Beauregard, routed the Federals, under General McDowell, and threatened the capital, thirty miles away. Its effect was to rouse both sides to what now promised to be a long and bloody struggle. Writing the day after the battle, Russell declares "The North must put its best men into the battle, or she will inevitably fail before the energy, the personal hatred, and the superior fighting powers of her antagonist."

I SIT down to give an account—not of the action yesterday, but of what I saw with my own eyes, hitherto not often deceived, and of what I heard with my own ears, which in this country are not so much to be trusted. Let me, however, express an opinion as to the affair of yesterday. In the first place, the repulse of the Federalists, decided as it was, might have had no serious effects whatever beyond the mere failure—which politically was of greater consequence than it was in a military sense—but for the disgraceful conduct of the troops. The retreat on their lines at Centreville seems to have ended in a cowardly route—a miserable, causeless panic. Such scandalous behavior on the

part of soldiers I should have considered impossible, as with some experience of camps and armies I have never even in alarms among camp followers seen the like of it. . . .

The North will, no doubt, recover [from] the shock. Hitherto she has only said, "Go and fight for the Union." The South has exclaimed, "Let us fight for our rights." The North must put its best men into the battle, or she will inevitably fail before the energy, the personal hatred, and the superior fighting powers of her antagonist. In my letters, as in my conversation, I have endeavored to show that the task which the Unionists have set themselves is one of no ordinary difficulty, but in the state of arrogance and supercilious confidence, either real or affected to conceal a sense of weakness, one might as well have preached to the Pyramid of Cheops. Indeed, one may form some notion of the condition of the public mind by observing that journals conducted avowedly by men of disgraceful personal character—the be-whipped and be-kicked and unrecognized pariahs of society in New York—are, nevertheless, in the very midst of repulse and defeat, permitted to indulge in ridiculous rhodomontade towards the nations of Europe, and to move our laughter by impotently malignant attacks on "our rotten old monarchy," while the stones of their bran new Republic are tumbling about their ears. It will be amusing to observe the change of tone, for we can afford to observe and to be amused at the same time. . . .

. . . At last Centreville appeared in sight—a few houses on our front, beyond which rose a bald hill, the slopes covered with bivouac huts, commissariat carts and horses, and the top crested with spectators of the fight. . . .

. . . The scene was so peaceful a man might well doubt the evidence of one sense that a great contest was being played out below in bloodshed. . . . But the cannon spoke out loudly from the green bushes, and the plains below were mottled, so to speak, by puffs of smoke and by white rings from bursting shells and capricious howitzers. . . With the glass I could detect now and then the flash of arms through the dust clouds in the open, but no one could tell to which side the troops who were moving belonged, and I could only judge from the smoke whether the guns were fired towards or away from the hill. . . . In the midst of our little reconnaissance Mr. Vizetelly, who has been living and, indeed, marching with one of the regiments as artist of the "Illustrated London News," came up and told us the action had been commenced in splendid style by the Federalists, who had advanced steadily, driving the Confederates before them—a part of the plan, as I firmly believe, to bring them under the range of their guns. He believed the advantages on the Federalist side were decided, though won with hard fighting. . . . As I turned down into the narrow road, or lane . . . there was a forward movement among the large four-wheeled tilt wagons . . . when suddenly there arose a tumult in front of

me at a small bridge across the road, and then I perceived the drivers of a set of wagons with the horses turned towards me, who were endeavoring to force their way against the stream of vehicles setting in the other direction. By the side of the new set of wagons there were a number of commissariat men and soldiers, whom at first sight I took to be the baggage guard. They looked excited and alarmed, and were running by the side of the horses—in front the dust quite obscured the view. At the bridge the currents met in wild disorder. "Turn back! Retreat!" shouted the men from the front, "We're whipped, we're whipped!" They cursed and tugged at the horses' heads, and struggled with frenzy to get past. . . . I got my horse up into the field out of the road, and went on rapidly towards the front. Soon I met soldiers who were coming through the corn, mostly without arms; and presently I saw firelocks, cooking tins, knapsacks, and great coats on the ground, and observed that the confusion and speed of the baggage-carts became greater, and that many of them were crowded with men, or were followed by others, who clung to them. The ambulances were crowded with soldiers, but it did not look as if there were many wounded. Negro servants on led horses dashed frantically past; men in uniform, whom it were a disgrace to the profession of arms to call "soldiers," swarmed by on mules, charges, and even draught horses, which had been cut out of carts or wagons, and went on with harness clinging to their heels, as frightened as

their riders. Men literally screamed with rage and fright when their way was blocked up. On I rode, asking all "What is all this about?" and now and then, but rarely, receiving the answer, "We're whipped"; or, "We're repulsed." Faces black and dusty, tongues out in the heat, eyes staring—it was a most wonderful sight. On they came like him—

> "—who having once turned round goes on,
> And turns no more his head,
> For he knoweth that a fearful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread."

But where was the fiend? I looked in vain. There was, indeed, some cannonading in front of me and in their rear, but still the firing was comparatively distant, and the runaways were far out of range. As I advanced the number of carts diminished, but the mounted men increased, and the column of fugitives became denser. . . . I had ridden, I suppose, about three or three and a-half miles from the hill, though it is not possible to be sure of the distance, when . . . I came out on an open piece of ground, beyond and circling which was forest. Two field pieces were unlimbered and guarding the road; the panting and jaded horses in the rear looked as though they had been hard worked, and the gunners and drivers looked worn and dejected. Dropping shots sounded close in front through the woods; but the guns on the left no longer maintained their fire. I was just about to ask one of the men for a light, when a sputtering fire

on my right attracted my attention, and out of the forest or along the road rushed a number of men. The gunners seized the trail of the nearest piece to wheel it round upon them; others made for the tumbrils and horses as if to fly, when a shout was raised, "Don't fire; they're our own men;" and in a few minutes on came pell-mell a whole regiment in disorder. I rode across one and stopped him. "We're pursued by cavalry," he gasped; "They've cut us all to pieces."

As he spoke a shell burst over the column; another dropped on the road, and out streamed another column of men, keeping together with their arms, and closing up the stragglers of the first regiment. I turned, and to my surprise saw the artillerymen had gone off, leaving one gun standing by itself. . . . No one seemed to know anything for certain. Even the cavalry charge was a rumor. Several officers said they had carried guns and lines, but then they drifted into the nonsense which one reads and hears everywhere about "masked batteries." One or two talked more sensibly about the strong positions of the enemy, the fatigue of their men, the want of a reserve, severe losses, and the bad conduct of certain regiments. Not one spoke as if he thought of retiring beyond Centreville. The clouds of dust rising above the woods marked the retreat of the whole army, and the crowds of fugitives continued to steal away along the road. . . . There was no choice for me but to resign any further researches. . . . On approaching

Centreville . . . I turned up on the hill half a mile beyond. . . . I swept the field once more. The clouds of dust were denser and nearer. That was all. There was no firing—no musketry. I turned my horse's head, and rode away through the village, and after I got out upon the road the same confusion seemed to prevail. Suddenly the guns on the hill opened, and at the same time came the thuds of artillery from the wood on the right rear. The stampede then became general. What occurred at the hill I cannot say, but all the road from Centreville for miles presented such a sight as can only be witnessed in the track of the runaways of an utterly demoralized army. Drivers flogged, lashed, spurred, and beat their horses, or leaped down and abandoned their teams, and ran by the side of the road; mounted men, servants, and men in uniform, vehicles of all sorts, commissariat wagons thronged the narrow ways. At every shot a convulsion as it were seized upon the morbid mass of bones, sinew, wood, and iron, and thrilled through it, giving new energy and action to its desperate efforts to get free from itself. Again the cry of "Cavalry" arose. . . . In silence I passed over the Long-bridge. Some few hours later it quivered under the steps of a rabble of unarmed men . . . the Federalists, utterly routed, had fallen back upon Arlington to defend the capital, leaving nearly five batteries of artillery, 8,000 muskets, immense quantity of stores and baggage, and their wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy!

THE TRENT AFFAIR

By John Bigelow

AT THE time of "The Trent Affair"—a diplomatic episode growing out of the seizure by the Union frigate San Jacinto, *November 8, 1861, of two Confederate commissioners on board the British mail steamer* Trent—*John Bigelow was the United States Consul in Paris. As here related, it was largely due to his prompt action in securing the publication of a statement declaring the seizure of the commissioners, Mason and Slidell, to have been unauthorized by the United States government, that a serious rupture with Great Britain was avoided.*

The first ship from America carried word to Europe that Lincoln and Seward recognized the impropriety of the act; and when a formal demand was made by the British Minister for the surrender of the commissioners, it was complied with and an apology tendered. Bigelow thus reviews the affair in his "Retrospections of an Active Life," published by Doubleday, Page & Company, by whose permission it is given.

A LITTLE before midnight of Friday, the 11th of October, 1861, a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen were gathered together upon the wharf in Charleston Harbor. The night was pitchy dark, and it was raining violently. In a few minutes only after their arrival, the party were seated in a ship's pinnace, till then invisible, that had apparently been waiting for them at a few oars' length from the landing. Two or three strokes of the oars were heard, and the boat with its new burden was swallowed up in the darkness again.

The party in the boat, who were embarking upon a voyage which was destined to make some of them more famous than any

other event of their lives, consisted of James M. Mason, of Virginia, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, commissioners from the "Confederate States," the first to England and the second to France; Mr. McFarland, secretary to Mr. Mason; Mrs. Slidell, Miss Matilda Slidell, Miss Rosia Slidell, Mr. Eustis, who was Mr. Slidell's secretary; Mrs. Eustis, a daughter of Mr. Corcoran, the head of a leading banking-house in Washington, but at that moment a prisoner in Fort Lafayette; Colonel Le Mat, of Louisiana, and two or three others of less political importance. who were profiting by the opportunity to find a refuge in foreign lands.

In a few minutes after leaving the wharf, the party were on board the small steamer "Theodora," lying in wait for them inside the bar. By 1 o'clock her cables were slipped, and she was gliding as noiselessly and as invisibly as possible down the bay. As she passed Fort Sumter the lights on board were darkened, the engine slowed, and other precautions were taken to escape notice, and with entire success. She was soon beyond the reach of the glasses or the guns from the fort, and on the open sea.

On the 16th she arrived at Cardenas, on the island of Cuba, where the commissioners disembarked. On the 7th of November, with their families and secretaries, they sailed from Havana for Southampton in the British royal mail-steamer "Trent." About noon of the following day, while running the narrow passage of the old Bahama Channel, a steamer was

sighted from the "Trent," directly in her course, and apparently waiting for her, but showing no colors. On approaching her, Captain Moir of the "Trent" hoisted the British ensign, which, however, received no attention. When the two ships were within about a quarter of a mile or something less, the strange vessel fired a shot across the "Trent's" bow, and ran up the American flag. The "Trent," declining to receive orders from the stranger with or without the American flag, held on her course, and paid no attention to the summons.

As soon as time enough had elapsed to leave no doubt of her purpose, a shell from the American's forward deck burst about one hundred yards in front of the "Trent." This was a summons Captain Moir could not disregard, and the "Trent" was slowed. Presently a boat put out from the American vessel and boarded the "Trent." The officer in command, Lieutenant Fairfax, asked for a list of her passengers. The captain refused to give it or to recognize the right of the officer to ask for it. Lieutenant Fairfax then called out the names of the rebel commissioners and their secretaries, and said those were the persons he was in quest of: that he knew they were on board, and his orders were to bring them away with him at all hazards. Captain Moir declined to recognize the authority of the intruder to meddle with his ship or passengers, and refused to give up the commissioners.

Lieutenant Fairfax then said he would be obliged to take possession of the ship, and thereupon made

the appropriate signal to his commander. Without delay three boats, containing thirty marines, and about sixty sailors heavily armed, put out from the American ship and rowed alongside. Seeing that further resistance would be worse than fruitless, Messrs. Slidell, Mason, Eustis and McFarland, who meantime had come on deck, proceeded to get their personal baggage and descended with it into the boats, the ladies of the party deciding to remain on board the "Trent" and go on to Liverpool. The commissioners were taken to the frigate, which proved to be the "San Jacinto" under the command of Captain Wilkes, which had just arrived from the coast of Africa and was on her way to New York. The commissioners were brought to New York, and, by orders from Washington, placed in confinement in Fort Lafayette. . . .

The effect of this "outrage upon the British flag," as it was the fashion to term it, was startling. It absorbed the conversation of the drawing-room and the council-chamber, and was a subject of fierce debate in every college club and palace of several continents. Immediately upon the receipt of the news at the admiralty, a cabinet council was summoned by Lord Palmerston to determine whether Mr. Adams's passport should not be sent to him. To the rebels and their sympathizing partisans in Europe the news gave infinite delight, for they assumed that Captain Wilkes had not acted without the sanction of his Government. They hoped and believed England had received

an insult to which she could not submit; that the United States would never make the only reparation possible that would be satisfactory—the surrender of the commissioners; and, finally, that a war between the two countries must ensue, that England would be obliged to help fight the battle and thus help establish the independence of the Confederate States.

The loyal Americans in Europe were filled with concern, for this event seemed to have deprived them of the few friends in the press and in public life that had not already abandoned the Union cause. The Tory press of London were, of course, anxious to make the most of their grievance. The "Morning Herald" [London] trusted there would be no delay in avenging an outrage unprecedented, even in American lawlessness." The "Post," which was reputed to reflect the policies of Lord Palmerston said: "The insult was most gratuitous; was unwarranted by the code of nations; was not only to be duly felt, but deeply resented." The London "Daily News," which had been neutral at least, if not friendly to the Unionists, for a few days lost its balance and scolded us very sharply.

The only journals in England that refused to join in this cry were two papers established by the political friends of Mr. Bright, one in London and one in Manchester, and which the "Morning Herald" signalized for public execration in an editorial article commencing as follows: "With two exceptions, which together constitute but one, all the morning journals of

London and of the country are unanimous in their expression of disgust and indignation at the American outrage. Mr. Bright, by his London and Manchester organs, stands forth in opposition to the honor and the universal feeling of his country; now, as ever, hateful in the eyes of all educated and thoughtful men; now, as ever before, the object of the scorn and reprobation of all Englishmen."

The French press naturally took a somewhat more dispassionate view of the seizure, not being directly interested. Besides, the French people are wont to contemplate with Christian composure any event which promises to embroil their insular neighbors with foreign powers, and at this time especially with America. Besides, in Paris, as in London, those who for any one of manifold reasons desired the success of the Confederates rejoiced over the seizure of the commissioners, and sought to give the grievance great international importance.

Our political friends among the French people were thoroughly demoralized. They took it for granted that Captain Wilkes had acted under orders; that we could not recede; and that England would become the active, instead of what she had till then seemed, to some of us at least, to have been, the passive ally of the Confederates. They did not see how it was possible for them to defend the act in the press or in the chambers. There was a time within the three days which immediately followed the news of the seizure when one could have counted on his fingers about all

the people in Europe not Americans who still retained any hope or expectation of the perpetuity of our Union. They took it for granted that we would fight until we were satisfied that there was no use of fighting longer, and then we would agree to some terms of separation. All faith in our final success was practically extinguished.

It was all the more trying a moment for loyal Americans, and especially for Federal officials in Europe, that we had no transatlantic telegraph in those days, nor had we any official information as yet of the relations which the Washington Government sustained to Commander Wilkes's adventure. And yet we were expected to encourage and strengthen our friends to the best of our ability until we could be reënforced from home.

A day or two after the news reached Paris, I called upon the venerable Garnier-Pagès about 10 o'clock in the morning. M. Pagès had been a member of the provisional government under Lamartine in 1848, and was now again one of the half-dozen Republican members of the Corps Législatif under the Second Empire. I had known him since 1859, when I was presented to him by the late Robert Walsh, of Philadelphia, our consul in Paris. He was now, as then, an ardent Republican, and a stalwart friend of the Union cause, partly because of his aversion to slavery, partly because of his aversion to the Imperial Government, which was suspected of inclining to the rebels, and partly because he believed that the future of repub-

licanism in Europe depended upon the success of republicanism in America.

I found him very much disturbed, and already looking upon disunion and its consequences as inevitable in the near future. I felt that it would never do for a person of his age, activity and zeal to be allowed to go up and down among the Republicans of Paris in the frame of mind in which I found him. I immediately proceeded to state as well as I could all the reasons that occurred to me for refusing to regard the seizure of the commissioners as an event likely to have a serious or permanent influence upon the war.

My talk occupied about twenty minutes. When I had done, he said: "Why won't you sit down and write out just what you have said to me, and publish it over your own signature to-morrow morning? It would have a very reassuring effect and would afford as substantial comfort to others as" (he was pleased to say) "it has afforded to myself."

I replied to him that, by the rules of our service, I was not allowed to correspond with the public through the newspapers; but as he attached so much importance to an authoritative statement of the kind I had made to him, I promised to lose no time in finding some suitable person to make it. General Winfield Scott, who had just been relieved from the duties of Commander-in-Chief of the Union armies, had arrived in Paris only the day before. It occurred to me at once that Scott was the person to make the statement, and Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was also then in Paris,

and an intimate friend of the General, was the most immediately available person to prepare the General's mind for it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Weed's hotel, a few blocks off, related to him briefly what had occurred, and asked him if he thought General Scott would be willing to publish such a statement as was called for. Mr. Weed said he did not doubt but he would not only be willing, but well pleased to do it.

It was then arranged between us that he should go to the General's hotel and secure his consent, while I should repair to my office and prepare the statement he was to sign, in case he might shrink from the task of preparing such a statement himself. In the course of an hour or so Mr. Weed rejoined me at my office, and said the General thought well of my suggestion, and would receive me at his rooms at 2 P. M. At the hour appointed I repaired to General Scott's apartment in the Hotel Westminster, and read to him the letter which in the meantime I had prepared. Knowing as I did that the General had no mean opinion of his skill in the use of the English language, I felt some hesitation in reading it to him, and was immensely relieved when he signed it without altering a word or suggesting a modification. . . .

I had the letter of General Scott immediately translated and copies despatched to the principal morning and evening papers in Paris, and copies in English to the London papers in time for their respective editions of the day following its publication. The expediency of making this statement was more than justified by

the result. It was copied in whole or in part pretty universally by the European press. Coming, as it did, from General Scott, who till within a fortnight, had been practically a member of the Federal Cabinet; the assurance it contained that Commander Wilkes could not have acted under orders from his Government, and that if Mr. Seward could not persuade Earl Russell that his Government had a right to stop the "Trent" and seize the rebel commissioners, Earl Russell would unquestionably be able to persuade Mr. Seward that it had not, and that in either case the friendly relations of the two governments were not imperiled—all together, these considerations had an immediate and reassuring effect.

Our friends in Europe took courage from General Scott's letter, and began to wonder how they ever suspected that the Federal Government had authorized the seizure of the commissioners, or doubted that the proceeding would be peacefully arranged. A complimentary dinner was given by his fellow townspeople at Rochdale to Mr. Bright, whom the "Trent" affair had for a time placed between the upper and the nether millstones, to afford him an opportunity of giving impulse to the reaction, of which he most effectively availed himself. At this dinner he made one of his most memorable speeches on American affairs. Mr. Cobden also, who was invited to speak at this meeting, sent a letter which was a skillful amplification of the letter of General Scott.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON

From the Chicago Tribune

UNDER the editorship of Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune *became a leading Republican newspaper in the West, and its correspondence from the front constituted notable Civil War journalism. This account of the capture of Fort Donelson which, with Fort Henry, was the most important Confederate fortification in the first line of defense in the West, is deficient in not stating that General Charles Ferguson Smith led the decisive charge on the Union left which turned the tide of battle.*

The engagement here recounted took place February 14-17, 1862, and was reported in the Chicago Weekly Tribune, *of February 20. It was at this battle that the Confederate General, Buckner, proposed an armistice to the Union General, Grant, and the appointment of a commission to settle upon terms of capitulation. Grant made his famous reply, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."*

AFTER the capture of Fort Henry, General Grant as soon as possible moved across the twelve mile strip of land between the rivers and invested the place by throwing McClernand's division upon the right, at the creek — extending his pickets down to the river beyond. General Wallace occupied the center, while General Smith closed up all communication with the outside world on the North. Our forces occupied a range of hills almost one mile distant from the enemy's outer works. . . .

The army made no movement on Friday [February 14] of consequence, but waited any demonstration the rebels might make. They were elated with the repulse of

the gunboats, and undoubtedly concluded that, they would either repulse the army, or if not that they would cut their way through and escape to Clarksville.

Prepared to do either, as circumstances might decide, at six o'clock on Saturday morning they appeared in solid column upon the road, which seems partly parallel to the creek, at McClernand's right. It was a few minutes past six when our pickets exchanged shots with their skirmishers.

Immediately the whole division was astir, waiting for what might turn up. As the rebels neared our forces they deployed and formed in line of battle, making the most furious attack upon the right; also sending their Mississippi sharp shooters, as one of the captains, now a prisoner, informed me, to the left to throw the 11th and 20th regiments into confusion.

It was about seven o'clock when the firing began on the right, and in a few minutes it was running like a train of powder on a floor, along the entire line. The rebels advanced with determination—not in a regular line, but in the guerilla mode—availing themselves of the trees and the undulations of the ground. Their design was to cut the division at the center, turn the regiments on the right composing Oglesby's brigade up against the creek and capture them. But their movements to that end were foiled. The regiments at the center being pressed, after standing a hot fire, begun gradually to fall back, which rendered it neces-

sary for Oglesby to do the same as he separated, from the division, and the entire right wing of the division accordingly swung back, slowly at first. . . .

And now occurred one of those wonders common in warfare. The enemy pressing hard upon our forces, General McClernand sent Major Brayman for reënforcements. He rode rapidly to the rear and came upon Colonel Cruft's brigade, who moved forward, crossed the road, and came up in rear of the 30th and 31st. These regiments were lying down and firing over the crest of a ridge. As Colonel Cruft came in rear of them they rose to their feet, not knowing whether the force in their rear was friend or foe. The 25th Kentucky supposing them to be rebels, poured in a volley, which did terrible execution. It is not possible to ascertain how many fell under the fire, but it was sufficient to throw the entire division into disorder, and at once there was almost a panic. . . .

The enemy improved the opportunity, and advanced upon Dresser's and Schwartz's batteries, capturing five guns, taking possession of General McClernand's headquarters, and driving our forces nearly a mile and a half. They had opened the gap; and not only that, but had in the joust driven us, captured five guns, and had reason to feel that the day was theirs.

But now they committed a fatal mistake. Instead of adhering to the original plan to escape, they resolved to follow up their advantage by pursuit, cut us up and capture the entire army.

The fight had lasted nearly four hours, and McClernand's division was exhausted; besides they were out of ammunition.

At this juncture General Wallace's division was thrown in front. They took up a position on a ridge, with Captain Taylor's battery in the center at the road, commanding it down the ridge to the bottom of a ravine. McClernand's division was making up its scattered ranks, ready to support Wallace. It was now just noon—nearly one o'clock. The rebels formed upon the ridge which General McClernand had occupied through the night. They were flushed with success and descended the ridge with the expectation of routing the Yankees. As they came in range, Taylor opened upon them with shell, grape and canister. They quailed before it, advanced at a slow pace, came to a halt, and as the infantry opened, began to fall back. Wallace improved the moment, moved on, drove them before him, regained the lost ground, recovered McClernand's tent and occupied the old ground. . . .

The rebels might have escaped when Wallace was driving them back, but by some fatuity neglected the opportunity and were again boxed up. This made two distinct fights, but the day was not thus to close. There was to be a second display of coolness, daring and determined bravery of Union troops, fighting under the Stars and Stripes, resulting in a signal victory.

The Iowa and Indiana boys composing Lauman's brigade of Smith's division, were ready to do their part in crushing out rebellion, and General Grant decided that they should have an opportunity to show their valor. Directly west of Fort Donelson, and beyond the breastworks there was a second ridge of land running parallel to that on which the breastworks were erected. The distance across from ridge to ridge, as near as I could judge by a somewhat minute survey, is about forty rods. On this outer ridge were ten rifle pits, made of logs, with a shallow ditch behind and the excavated earth thrown up in front. The western slope of the ridge was quite steep. The distance to the base was thirty rods as I judged, opening upon a meadow and cornfield. The slope had been forest, but the rebels had used their axes and cut down the trees, forming an abbatis not impassable because the forest was not dead, but a serious obstruction to the advance of an army. It was desirable that the rebels should be driven out of their pits, for they in part commanded Fort Donelson, lying about sixty rods farther east. . . .

Colonel Lauman gave the 2d Iowa the honor of leading the charge. They moved across the meadow through a little belt of woods, came to the base of the hill, and met the leaden rain. But they paused not a moment. Then they encountered the fallen trees, but instead of being disheartened, they seemed to feel new life and energy. Without firing a shot, without flinching a moment or faltering as their ranks were thinned,

they rushed up the hill, regardless of the fire in front or on their flank, jumped upon the rifle pits and drove the rebels down the eastern slope. They escaped into their inner line of defenses. Colonel Lauman did not deem it prudent to follow, but halted his men and poured a deadly fire upon the foe, in force, with four cannon behind the works.

Then for ten minutes the fire was exceedingly severe. I visited the spot on Sunday afternoon and found the ground thick with bullets fired by the rebels. The trees were scarred but bore evidence on their limbs that the aim of the rebels had been much too high. Colonel Lauman called his men back to their rifle pits, and there they lay down upon their arms, holding the position through the night, ready with the first flash of dawn to make a breach into the line beyond. . . .

Colonel Lauman was apprised during the night that the rebels were about to surrender, by a negro who escaped to his lines. Soon after daylight an officer, Major Calsbry, appeared, bearing a white flag and a note from General Buckner to General Grant, proposing a cessation of hostilities and the appointment of commissioners. . . .

The victory was won, and Fort Donelson was ours, with its seventeen heavy size guns, its forty-eight field pieces, its fifteen thousand soldiers, its twenty thousand stand of arms, its tents and ammunition—all were unconditionally ours.

Wild were the cheers, loud were the salutes from the fleet and from Taylor's batteries when the Stars and Stripes, the glorious old flag, was flung to the breeze upon the ramparts of Fort Donelson.

I cannot give you the sights or the incidents. You must imagine them. Neither have I time to tell of the appearance of the rebels in their snuff-colored, shabby clothes—their bedquilts, pieces of carpeting, coverlids, sacking—but there they were, gloomy, downcast, humbled, apprehensive for the future; and yet I think that many of them were not sorry that there was to be no more fighting. I made myself at home among them, talked with them freely, heard their indignant utterances against Floyd, who had sneaked away with his Virginia regiments, the 36th, 50th and 51st, and a host of stragglers—officers many of them—who did not hesitate to desert their men in the hour of adversity. They went away at midnight after an angry altercation, as I was informed by a secession officer, between Pillow, Floyd and Buckner. I am also informed that about five thousand rebels escaped, the boats being loaded to the guards. Forest's Louisiana cavalry escaped on their horses along the creek. But the great bulk of the army is ours. Fifteen thousand prisoners! What shall we do with them? We have indeed drawn an elephant. . . .

The following correspondence passed between General Grant, commanding the Federal forces, and General S. B. Buckner, commanding the Confederates:

Headquarters Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

Sir: In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces, the appointment of Commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until 2 o'clock to-day.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
S. B. Buckner, Brig. Gen. C.S.A.

To Brig Gen. U. S. Grant, Con'g U. S. forces near Fort Donelson. . . .

Headquarters Army in the Field, near Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862.

To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army . . .

No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obd't serv't,
U. S. Grant, Brig. Gen. Commanding.

Headquarters, Dover, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1862.

To Brig. Gen. U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:

Sir: The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose. I am, dear sir,

Your very obedient servant,
S. B. Buckner, Brig. Gen. C.S.A.

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC IN ACTION

By Medical-Director Charles Martin

DR. MARTIN, an eye-witness of the historic encounter between the Union ironclad Monitor *and the Confederate ironclad* Merrimac, *in Hampton Roads, was a surgeon in the United States Navy, and rose to the rank of medical director. This account was given by him in an address delivered before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion in 1886.*

The fight, which occurred Sunday, March 9, 1862, was one of the most important and significant in naval history, demonstrating as it did the value of armored vessels and the relative uselessness of the old-style wooden warships. Nevertheless it was indecisive, neither vessel being seriously injured and only a few men wounded on either side.

The Monitor *was the first ironclad with a revolving turret, and was built under the direction of John Ericsson. On December 31, 1862, the* Monitor *sank in a storm off the Virginia capes.*

COMPANIONS: I will tell you what I saw at Newport News when the "Merrimac" destroyed the "Congress" and the "Cumberland," and fought with the "Monitor." It was a drama in three acts, and twelve hours will elapse between the second and third acts.

"Let us begin at the beginning" — 1861. The North Atlantic squadron is at Hampton Roads, except the frigate "Congress" and the razee "Cumberland"; they are anchored at Newport News, blockading the James River and Norfolk. The "Merrimac," the Rebel ram, is in the dry dock of the Norfolk navy yard. . . .

The "Monitor" is building in New York City. . . . It is determined to keep the "Merrimac" in the dry dock, wait the arrival of the "Monitor," send her out to meet her, and in the action it is positive that an opportunity will offer to pierce and sink her. The ram is a terror, and both sides say, "When the 'Merrimac' comes out!" The last of February, 1862, the "Monitor" is ready for sea; she will sail for Hampton Roads in charge of a steamer. There is a rumor that she has broken her steering gear before reaching Sandy Hook. She will be towed to Washington for repairs. The rebel spies report her a failure—steering defective, turret revolves with difficulty, and when the smoke of her guns in action is added to the defects of ventilation, it will be impossible for human beings to live aboard of her. No "Monitor" to fight, the Southern press and people grumble; they pitch into the "Merrimac." Why does she lie idle? Send her out to destroy the "Congress" and the "Cumberland," that have so long bullied Norfolk, then sweep away the fleet at Hampton Roads, starve out Fortress Monroe, go north to Baltimore and New York and Boston, and destroy and plunder; and the voice of the people, not always an inspiration, prevails, and the ram is floated and manned and armed, and March 8th is bright and sunny when she steams down the Elizabeth River to carry out the first part of her program. And all Norfolk and Portsmouth ride and run to the bank of the James, to have a picnic, and assist at a naval battle and victory. The cry of "wolf!" has so often

been heard aboard the ships that the "Merrimac" has lost much of her terrors. They argue: "If she is a success, why don't she come out and destroy us?" And when seen this morning at the mouth of the river: "It is only a trial trip or a demonstration." But she creeps along the opposite shore, and both ships beat to quarters and get ready for action. The boats of the "Cumberland" are lowered, made fast to each other in line, anchored between the ship and the shore, about an eighth of a mile distant.

Here are two large sailing frigates, on a calm day, at slack water, anchored in a narrow channel, impossible to get under way and maneuver, and must lie and hammer, and be hammered, so long as they hold together, or until they sink at their anchors. To help them is a tug, the "Zouave," once used in the basin at Albany to tow canal boats under the grain elevator. The "Congress" is the senior ship; the tug makes fast to her. The "Congress" slips her cable and tries to get under way. The tug does her best and breaks her engine. The "Congress" goes aground in line with the shore. The "Zouave" floats down the river, firing her popguns at the "Merrimac" as she drifts by her. The captain of the "Congress" was detached on the 7th. He is waiting a chance to go North. He serves as a volunteer in the action, refusing to resume command and deprive the first lieutenant of a chance for glory. The captain of the "Cumberland" has been absent since the 3d. He is president of a court-martial at this moment in session on board the "Roanoke" at

Hampton Roads, so the command of both the ships devolves on the first lieutenants. On board the "Cumberland" all hands are allowed to remain on deck, watching the slow approach of the "Merrimac," and she comes on so slowly, the pilot declares she has missed the channel; she draws too much water to use her ram. She continues to advance, and two gunboats, the "Yorktown" and the "Teazer," accompany her. Again they beat to quarters, and every one goes to his station.

There is a platform on the roof of the "Merrimac." Her captain is standing on it. When she is near enough, he hails, "Do you surrender?" "Never!" is the reply. The order to fire is given; the shot of the starboard battery rattles on the iron roof of the "Merrimac." She answers with a shell; it sweeps the forward pivot gun, it kills and wounds ten of the gun's crew. A second slaughters the marines at the after pivot gun. The "Yorktown" and the "Teazer" keep up a constant fire. She bears down on the "Cumberland." She rams her just aft the starboard bow. The ram goes into the sides of the ship as a knife goes into a cheese. The "Merrimac" tries to back out; the tide is making; it catches against her great length at a right angle with the "Cumberland"; it slews her around; the weakened, lengthened ram breaks off; she leaves it in the "Cumberland." The battle rages, broadside answers broadside, and the sanded deck is red and slippery with the blood of the wounded and dying; they are dragged amidships out of the way of the

guns; there is no one and no time to take them below. Delirium seizes the crew; they strip to their trousers, tie their handkerchiefs round their heads, kick off their shoes, fight and yell like demons, load and fire at will, keep it up for the rest of the forty-two minutes the ship is sinking, and fire a last gun as the water rushes into her ports. . . .

The "Merrimac" turns to the "Congress." She is aground, but she fires her guns till the red-hot shot from the enemy sets her on fire, and the flames drive the men away from the battery. She has forty years of seasoning; she burns like a torch. Her commanding officer is killed, and her deck strewn with killed and wounded. The wind is off shore; they drag the wounded under the windward bulwark, where all hands take refuge from the flames. The sharpshooters on shore drive away a tug from the enemy. The crew and wounded of the "Congress" are safely landed. She burns the rest of the afternoon and evening, discharging her loaded guns over the camp. At midnight the fire has reached her magazines—the "Congress" disappears.

When it is signaled to the fleet at Hampton Roads that the "Merrimac" has come out, the "Minnesota" leaves her anchorage and hastens to join the battle. Her pilot puts her aground off the Elizabeth River, and she lies there helpless. The "Merrimac" has turned back for Norfolk. She has suffered from the shot of the "Congress" and the "Cumberland," or she would stop and destroy the "Minnesota"; instead,

with the "Yorktown" and "Teazer," she goes back into the river. Sunday morning, March 9th, the "Merrimac" is coming out to finish her work. She will destroy the "Minnesota." As she nears her, the "Monitor" appears from behind the helpless ship; she has slipped in during the night, and so quietly, her presence is unknown in the camp. And David goes out to meet Goliath, and every man who can walk to the beach sits down there, spectators of the first iron-clad battle in the world.

The day is calm, the smoke hangs thick on the water, the low vessels are hidden by the smoke. They are so sure of their invulnerability, they fight at arms' length. They fight so near the shore, the flash of their guns is seen, and the noise is heard of the heavy shot pounding the armor. They haul out for breath, and again disappear in the smoke. The "Merrimac" stops firing, the smoke lifts, she is running down the "Monitor," but she has left her ram in the "Cumberland." The "Monitor" slips away, turns, and renews the action. One P. M.—they have fought since 8:30 A. M.: The crews of both ships are suffocating under the armor. The frames supporting the iron roof of the "Merrimac" are sprung and shattered. The turret of the "Monitor" is dented with shot, and is revolved with difficulty. The captain of the "Merrimac" is wounded in the leg; the captain of the "Monitor" is blinded with powder. It is a drawn game. The "Merrimac," leaking badly, goes back to Norfolk; the "Monitor" returns to Hampton Roads.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

By Brigadier-General Benjamin Mayberry Prentiss

PRENTISS was a volunteer officer under General Grant, and commanded the Sixth Division, composed of raw troops, at the Battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, April 6-7, 1862. This account is from his official report, among the war records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Grant had at his command about 62,500 men, as opposed to about 40,500 Confederates under General A. S. Johnston, who fell in the action, and Beauregard.

Of the Union loss of about 13,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners at Shiloh, 2,200 surrendered with Prentiss. The Confederate loss was about 10,500. Despite his surrender, the valiant and stubborn defense made by General Prentiss was a factor in preventing a decisive Confederate victory on the first days of the battle. Reënforced by a division under General Lew Wallace, and by a large part of General Buell's command, the Union Army scored a tactical victory in this battle.

AT three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 6, 1862, Colonel David Moore, Twenty-first Missouri, with five companies of his infantry regiment, proceeded to the front, and at break of day the advance pickets were driven in. Whereupon Colonel Moore pushed forward and engaged the enemy's advance, commanded by General Hardee. At this stage a messenger was sent to my headquarters, calling for the balance of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, which was promptly sent forward. This information received, I at once ordered the entire force into line, and the remaining regiments of the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel Everett Peabody, consisting of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, Six-

teenth Wisconsin, and Twelfth Michigan Infantry, were advanced well to the front. I forthwith at this juncture communicated the fact of the attack in force to Major-General Smith and Brigadier-General S. A. Hurlbut.

Shortly before six o'clock, Colonel Moore having been severely wounded, his regiment commenced falling back, reaching our front line about six o'clock, the enemy being close upon his rear. Hereupon the entire force, excepting only the Sixteenth Iowa, which had been sent to the field the day before without ammunition, and the cavalry, which was held in readiness to the rear, was advanced to the extreme front, and thrown out alternately to the right and left.

Shortly after six o'clock the entire line was under fire, receiving the assault made by the entire force of the enemy, advancing in three columns simultaneously upon our left, center and right. This position was held until the enemy had passed our right flank, this movement being effected by reason of the falling back of some regiment to our right not belonging to the division.

Perceiving the enemy was flanking me, I ordered the division to retire in line of battle to the color line of our encampment, at the same time communicating to Generals Smith and Hurlbut the fact of the falling back, and asking for reënforcements.

Being again assailed, in position described, by an overwhelming force, and not being able longer to hold the ground against the enemy, I ordered the division

to fall back to the line occupied by General Hurlbut, and at 9:05 a. m. reformed to the right of General Hurlbut, and to the left of Brigadier-General W. H. L. Wallace, who I found in command of the division assigned to Major-General Smith. At this point the Twenty-third Missouri Infantry, commanded by Colonel Tindall, which had just disembarked from a transport, and had been ordered to report to me as a part of the Sixth Division, joined me. This regiment I immediately assigned to position on the left. My battery (Fifth Ohio) was posted to the right on the road.

At about 10 o'clock my line was again assailed, and finding my command greatly reduced by reason of casualties and because of the falling back of many of the men to the river, they being panic-stricken—a majority of them having now for the first time been exposed to fire—I communicated with General W. H. L. Wallace, who sent to my assistance the Eighth Iowa Infantry, commanded by Colonel J. L. Geddes.

After having once driven the enemy back from this position Major-General U. S. Grant appeared upon the field. I exhibited to him the disposition of my entire force, which disposition received his commendation, and I received my final orders, which were to maintain that position at all hazards. This position I did maintain until 4 o'clock p. m., when General Hurlbut, being overpowered, was forced to retire. I was then compelled to change front with the Twenty-third Missouri, Twenty-first Missouri, Eighteenth Wisconsin, Eighteenth Missouri, and part of the Twelfth

Michigan, occupying a portion of the ground vacated by General Hurlbut. I was in constant communication with Generals Hurlbut and Wallace during the day, and both of them were aware of the importance of holding our position until night. When the gallant Hurlbut was forced to retire General Wallace and myself consulted, and agreed to hold our positions at all hazards, believing that we could thus save the army from destruction; we having been now informed for the first time that all others had fallen back to the vicinity of the river. A few minutes after General W. H. L. Wallace received the wound of which he shortly afterwards died. Upon the fall of General Wallace, his division, excepting the Eighth Iowa, Colonel Geddes, acting with me, and the Fourteenth Iowa, Colonel Shaw; Twelfth Iowa, Colonel Woods, and Fifty-eighth Illinois, Colonel Lynch, retired from the field.

Perceiving that I was about to be surrounded, and having dispatched my aide, Lieutenant Edwin Moore, for reënforcements, I determined to assail the enemy, which had passed between me and the river, charging upon him with my entire force. I found him advancing in mass, completely encircling my command, and nothing was left but to harass him and retard his progress so long as might be possible. This I did until 5:30 p. m., when, finding that further resistance must result in the slaughter of every man in the command, I had to yield the fight. The enemy succeeded in capturing myself and 2,200 rank and file, many of them being wounded.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS

By Captain David G. Farragut

WITH characteristic modesty Captain, later Admiral, Farragut, reports to Gideon Welles, Secretary of the United States Navy, the capture of New Orleans by a Union squadron on April 27, 1862. His report, given here, was dated May 6, on board the flagship Hartford, *anchored off New Orleans. Farragut, commanding a blockading fleet of 17 vessels, cooperated with a mortar flotilla of 25 vessels under Commander David G. Porter in running by Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which, facing each other across the Mississippi, guarded the approach to the city. The feat was accomplished under a terrific fire, in which Farragut's flagship, the* Hartford, *was badly damaged. With the loss of only one vessel, as here recounted, the Union fleet annihilated a Confederate flotilla of 13 gunboats and 2 ironclads. Immediately after Farragut took formal command of New Orleans, the city was occupied by Federal troops under General B. F. Butler.*

SIR: I have the honor herewith to forward my report, in detail, of the battle of New Orleans. On the 23d of April I made all my arrangements for the attack on, and passage of, Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

Every vessel was as well prepared as the ingenuity of her commander and officers could suggest, both for the preservation of life and of the vessel, and perhaps there is not on record such a display of ingenuity as has been evinced in this little squadron. The first was by the engineer of the "Richmond," Mr. Moore, by suggesting that the sheet cables be stopped up and down on the sides in the line of the engines, which was immediately adopted by all the vessels.

Then each commander made his own arrangements for stopping the shot from penetrating the boilers or machinery, that might come in forward or abaft, by hammocks, coal, bags of ashes, bags of sand, clothes-bags, and, in fact, every device imaginable. The bulwarks were lined with hammocks by some, with splinter nettings made of ropes by others. Some rubbed their vessels over with mud, to make their ships less visible, and some whitewashed their decks, to make things more visible by night during the fight, all of which you will find mentioned in the reports of the commanders. In the afternoon I visited each ship, in order to know positively that each commander understood my orders for the attack, and to see that all was in readiness. I had looked to their efficiency before. Every one appeared to understand his orders well, and looked forward to the conflict with firmness, but with anxiety, as it was to be in the night, or at two o'clock A. M.

I had previously sent Captain Bell, with the petard man, with Lieutenant Commanding Crosby, in the "Pinola," and Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell, in the "Itasca," to break the chain which crossed the river and was supported by eight hulks, which were strongly moored. This duty was not thoroughly performed, in consequence of the failure to ignite the petards with the galvanic battery, and the great strength of the current. Still it was a success, and, under the circumstances, a highly meritorious one.

The vessel boarded by Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell appears to have had her chains so secured that they could be cast loose, which was done by that officer, thereby making an opening sufficiently large for the ships to pass through. It was all done under a heavy fire and at a great hazard to the vessel, for the particulars of which I refer you to Captain Bell's report. Upon the night preceding the attack, however, I dispatched Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell to make an examination, and to see that the passage was still clear, and to make me a signal to that effect, which he did at an early hour. The enemy commenced sending down fire-rafts and lighting their fires on the shore opposite the chain about the same time, which drew their fire on Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell, but without injury. At about five minutes of two o'clock A. M., April 24th, signal was made to get under way (two ordinary red lights, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy), but owing to the great difficulty in purchasing their anchors, the "Pensacola" and some of the other vessels were not under way until half-past three. The enemy's lights, while they discovered us to them, were, at the same time, guides to us. We soon passed the barrier chains, the right column taking Fort St. Philip, and the left Fort Jackson. The fire became general, the smoke dense, and we had nothing to aim at but the flash of their guns; it was very difficult to distinguish friends from foes. Captain Porter had, by arrangement, moved up to a certain point on the Fort Jack-

son side with his gunboats, and I had assigned the same post to Captain Swartwout, in the "Portsmouth," to engage the water batteries to the southward and eastward of Fort Jackson, while his mortar vessels poured a terrific fire of shells into it. I discovered a fire-raft coming down upon us, and in attempting to avoid it ran the ship on shore, and the ram "Manassas," which I had not seen, lay on the opposite side of it, and pushed it down upon us. Our ship was soon on fire half-way up to her tops, but we backed off, and, through the good organization of our fire department, and the great exertions of Captain Wainwright and his first lieutenant, officers, and crew, the fire was extinguished. In the meantime our battery was never silent, but poured its missiles of death into Fort St. Philip, opposite to which we had got by this time, and it was silenced, with the exception of a gun now and then. By this time the enemy's gunboats, some thirteen in number, besides two iron-clad rams, the "Manassas" and "Louisiana," had become more visible. We took them in hand, and, in the course of a short time, destroyed eleven of them. We were now fairly past the forts, and the victory was ours, but still here and there a gunboat made resistance. Two of them had attacked the "Varuna," which vessel, by her greater speed, was much in advance of us; they ran into her and caused her to sink, but not before she had destroyed her adversaries, and their wrecks now lie side by side, a monument to the gallantry of Captain Boggs, his officers, and crew. It

was a kind of guerilla; they were fighting in all directions. Captains Bailey and Bell, who were in command of the first and second divisions of gunboats, were as active in rendering assistance in every direction as lay in their power. Just as the scene appeared to be closing, the ram "Manassas" was seen coming up under full speed to attack us. I directed Captain Smith, in the "Mississippi," to turn and run her down; the order was instantly obeyed, by the "Mississippi" turning and going at her at full speed. Just as we expected to see the ram annihilated, when within fifty yards of each other, she put her helm hard aport, dodged the "Mississippi," and ran ashore. The "Mississippi" poured two broadsides into her, and sent her drifting down the river a total wreck. Thus closed our morning's fight.

The Department will perceive that after the organization and arrangements had been made, and we had fairly entered into the fight, the density of the smoke from guns and fire-rafts, and the scenes passing on board our own ship and around us (for it was as if the artillery of heaven were playing upon the earth), it was impossible for the Flag-Officer to see how each vessel was conducting itself, and can only judge by the final results and their special reports, which are herewith enclosed; but I feel that I can say with truth that it has rarely been the lot of a commander to be supported by officers of more indomitable courage or higher professional merit.

It now became me to look around for my little fleet, and to my regret I found that three were missing—the "Itasca," "Winona," and "Kennebec." Various were the speculations as to their fate, whether they had been sunk on the passage or had put back. I therefore determined immediately to send Captain Boggs, whose vessel was now sunk, through the Quarantine bayou, around to Commander Porter, telling him of our safe arrival, and to demand the surrender of the forts, and endeavor to get some tidings of the missing vessels. I also sent a dispatch by him to General Butler, informing him that the way was clear for him to land his forces through the Quarantine bayou, in accordance with previous arrangements, and that I should leave gunboats there to protect him against the enemy, who, I now perceived, had three or four gunboats left at the forts—the "Louisiana," an iron-clad battery of sixteen guns; the "McCrea," very similar in appearance to one of our gunboats, and armed very much in the same way; the "Defiance," and a river steamer transport.

We then proceeded up to New Orleans, leaving the "Wissahickon" and "Kineo" to protect the landing of the General's troops. Owing to the slowness of some of the vessels, and our want of knowledge of the river, we did not reach the English Turn until about 10:30 A. M. on the 25th; but all the morning I had seen abundant evidence of the panic which had seized the people in New Orleans. Cotton-loaded ships on fire came floating down, and working implements of

every kind, such as are used in ship-yards. The destruction of property was awful. We soon descried the new earthwork forts on the old lines on both shores. We now formed and advanced in the same order, two lines, each line taking its respective work. Captain Bailey was still far in advance, not having noticed my signal for close order, which was to enable the slow vessels to come up. They opened on him a galling fire, which caused us to run up to his rescue; this gave them the advantage of a raking fire on us for upward of a mile with some twenty guns, while we had but two nine-inch guns on our forecastle to reply to them. It was not long, however, before we were enabled to bear away and give the forts a broadside of shells, shrapnel, and grape, the "Pensacola" at the same time passing up and giving a tremendous broadside of the same kind to the starboard fort; and, by the time we could reload, the "Brooklyn," Captain Craven, passed handsomely between us and the battery and delivered her broadside, and shut us out. By this time the other vessels had gotten up, and ranged in one after another, delivering their broadsides in spiteful revenge for their ill treatment of the little "Cayuga." The forts were silenced, and those who could run were running in every direction. We now passed up to the city and anchored immediately in front of it, and I sent Captain Bailey on shore to demand the surrender of it from the authorities, to which the Mayor replied that the city was under martial law, and that he had no authority. General

Lovell, who was present, stated that he should deliver up nothing, but in order to free the city from embarrassment he would restore the city authorities, and retire with his troops, which he did. The correspondence with the city authorities and myself is herewith annexed. I then seized all the steamboats and sent them down to Quarantine for General Butler's forces. Among the number of these boats is the famous "Tennessee," which our blockaders have been so long watching, but which, you will perceive, never get out.

The levee of New Orleans was one scene of desolation. Ships, steamers, cotton, coal, etc., were all in one common blaze, and our ingenuity was much taxed to avoid the floating conflagration.

I neglected to mention my having good information respecting the iron-clad rams which they were building. I sent Captain Lee up to seize the principal one, the "Mississippi," which was to be the terror of these seas, and no doubt would have been to a great extent; but she soon came floating by us all in flames, and passed down the river. Another was sunk immediately in front of the Custom-House; others were building in Algiers, just begun.

I next went above the city eight miles, to Carrollton, where I learned there were two other forts, but the panic had gone before me. I found the guns spiked, and the gun-carriages in flames. The first work, on the right, reaches from the Mississippi nearly over to Pontchartrain, and has twenty-nine guns; the one on the left had six guns, from which Commander Lee took some fifty barrels of powder, and completed

the destruction of the gun-carriages, etc. A mile higher up there were two other earthworks, but not yet armed.

We discovered here, fastened to the right bank of the river, one of the most herculean labors I have ever seen—a raft and chain to extend across the river to prevent Foote's gunboats from descending. It is formed by placing three immense logs of not less than three or four feet in diameter and some thirty feet long; to the center one a two-inch chain is attached, running lengthwise the raft, and the three logs and chain are then frapped together by chains from one half to one inch, three or four layers, and there are ninety-six of these lengths composing the raft; it is at least three quarters of a mile long.

On the evening of the 29th Captain Bailey arrived from below with the gratifying intelligence that the forts had surrendered to Commander Porter, and had delivered up all public property, and were being paroled, and that the navy had been made to surrender unconditionally, as they had conducted themselves with bad faith, burning and sinking their vessels while a flag of truce was flying and the forts negotiating for their surrender, and the "Louisiana," their great iron-clad battery, blown up almost alongside of the vessel where they were negotiating; hence their officers were not paroled, but sent home to be treated according to the judgment of the Government.

General Butler came up the same day, and arrangements were made for bringing up his troops.

I sent on shore and hoisted the American flag on

the Custom-House, and hauled down the Louisiana State flag from the City Hall, as the Mayor had avowed that there was no man in New Orleans who dared to haul it down; and my own convictions are that if such an individual could have been found he would have been assassinated.

Thus, sir, I have endeavored to give you an account of my attack upon New Orleans, from our first movement to the surrender of the city to General Butler, whose troops are now in full occupation, protected, however, by the "Pensacola," "Portsmouth," and one gunboat, while I have sent a force of seven vessels, under command of Captain Craven, up the river, to keep up the panic as far as possible. The large ships, I fear, will not be able to go higher than Baton Rouge, while I have sent the smaller vessels, under Commander Lee, as high as Vicksburg, in the rear of Jackson, to cut off their supplies from the West.

I trust, therefore, that it will be found by the Government that I have carried out my instructions to the letter and to the best of my abilities, so far as this city is concerned. All of which is respectfully submitted.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Hon. Gideon Welles,
Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

By General George B. McClellan

SUCCEEDING Winfield Scott as commander of the Union armies, in November, 1861, McClellan spent the winter reorganizing and drilling his forces preparatory to conducting the Peninsular Campaign and the taking of Richmond. Instead of heeding Lincoln, however, and moving steadily on Richmond, McClellan began a scientific siege of Yorktown, as the first step in the campaign he here outlines to Secretary Stanton.

The differences between Lincoln and McClellan are clearly shown in the letter that follows from the President to the General, McClellan having protested Lincoln's action in holding back 40,000 men under McDowell for the protection of Washington City. Although Lee regarded McClellan as the ablest commander whom he met in the war, his faults as a commander in the field were flagrant. His ability to plan was greater than it was to strike. As a result he was superseded in the chief command of the Union armies by General Halleck, in July, 1862.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following notes on the proposed operations of the active portion of the Army of the Potomac.

The proposed plan of campaign is to assume Fort Monroe as the first base of operations, taking the line by Yorktown and West Point upon Richmond as the line of operations, Richmond being the objective point. It is assumed that the fall of Richmond involves that of Norfolk and the whole of Virginia; also that we shall fight a decisive battle between West Point and Richmond, to give which battle the rebels will concentrate all their available forces, understanding,

as they will, that it involves the fate of their cause. It therefore follows:

1st. That we should collect all our available forces and operate upon adjacent lines, maintaining perfect communication between our lines.

2d. That no time should be lost in reaching the field of battle.

The advantages of the Peninsula between the York and James Rivers are too obvious to need explanation. It is also clear that West Point should as soon as possible be reached and be our main depot, that we may have the shortest line of land transportation for our supplies and the use of the York River.

There are two methods of reaching this point.

1st. By moving directly from Fort Monroe as a base, and trusting to the roads for our supplies, at the same time landing a strong corps as near Yorktown as possible, in order to turn the rebel lines of defense south of Yorktown, then to reduce Yorktown and Gloucester, by a siege in all probability, involving a delay of weeks perhaps.

2d. To make a combined naval and land attack upon Yorktown, the first object of the campaign. This leads to the most rapid and decisive results. To accomplish this the navy should at once concentrate upon the York River all their available and most powerful batteries. Its reduction should not, in that case, require many hours. A strong corps would be pushed up the York, under cover of the navy, directly upon West Point, immediately upon the fall of Yorktown,

and we could at once establish our new base of operations at a distance of some twenty-five miles from Richmond, with every facility for developing and bringing into play the whole of our available force on either or both banks of the James.

It is impossible to urge too strongly the absolute necessity of the coöperation of the navy, as a part of this programme; without it the operations may be prolonged for many weeks, and we may be forced to carry in front several strong positions, which, by their aid, could be turned without serious loss of either time or men.

It is also of first importance to bear in mind the fact already alluded to, that the capture of Richmond necessarily involves the prompt fall of Norfolk; while an operation against Norfolk, if successful, as the beginning of the campaign, facilitates the reduction of Richmond merely by the demoralization of the rebel troops involved, and that after the fall of Norfolk we should be obliged to undertake the capture of Richmond by the same means which would have accomplished it in the beginning, having meanwhile afforded the rebels ample time to perfect their defensive arrangements, for they could well know from the moment the Army of the Potomac changed its base to Fort Monroe that Richmond must be its ultimate object.

It may be summed up in few words, that, for the prompt success of this campaign, it is absolutely necessary that the navy should at once throw its whole

available force, its most powerful vessels, against Yorktown. There is the most important point—there the knot to be cut. An immediate decision upon the subject matter of this communication is highly desirable, and seems called for by the exigencies of the occasion.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, Major General.

Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, Theological Seminary, Va., March 19, 1862.

THE MOVEMENT TO THE PENINSULA

THE council, composed of four corps commanders, organized by the President of the United States, at its meeting on the 13th of March, adopted Fort Monroe as the base of operations for the movement of the Army of the Potomac upon Richmond.

For the prompt and successful execution of the projected operation, it was regarded by all as necessary that the whole of the four corps should be employed, with at least the addition of ten thousand men drawn from the forces in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe: that position and its dependencies being regarded as amply protected by the naval force in its neighborhood, and the advance of the main army up the Peninsula, so that it could be safely left with a small garrison.

In addition to the land forces, the coöperation of the navy was desired in the projected attack upon the

batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester, as well as in controlling the York and James Rivers for the protection of our flanks, and the use of transports, bringing supplies to the army. With these expectations, and for reasons stated elsewhere in this report, my original plan of moving by Urbana and West Point was abandoned, and the line with Fortress Monroe as a base adopted. In the arrangements for the transportation of the army to the Peninsula by water, the vessels were originally ordered to rendezvous mainly at Annapolis, but upon the evacuation of Manassas and the batteries of the lower Potomac by the enemy, it became more convenient to embark the troops and material at Alexandria, and orders to that effect were at once given.

In making the preliminary arrangements for the movement, it was determined that the First Corps (Gen. McDowell's) should move as a unit, first, and effect a landing either at the Sand-Box, some four miles south of Yorktown, in order to turn all the enemy's defenses at Ship Point, Howard's Bridge, Big Bethel, etc., or else, should existing circumstances render it preferable, land on the Gloucester side of York River, and move on West Point.

The transports, however, arrived slowly and few at a time. In order, therefore, to expedite matters, I decided to embark the army by divisions as transports arrived, keeping army corps together as much as possible, and to collect the troops at Fortress Monroe. In determining the order of embarkation, con-

venience and expedition were especially consulted, except that the First Corps was to embark last, as I intended to move it in mass to its point of disembarkation, and to land it on either bank of the York, as might then be determined. . . .

Washington, April 9th, 1862.

Major-General McClellan:—

My Dear Sir,—Your dispatches, complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much.

Blenker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you know the pressure under which I did it, and, as I thought, acquiesced in it, certainly without reluctance.

After you left I ascertained that less than twenty thousand unorganized men, without a single battery, were all you designed to be left for the defense of Washington and Manassas Junction; and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position. General Banks' old corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was diverted and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the upper Potomac, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This presented (or would present, when McDowell and Sumner should be gone) a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington. My explicit order that Washington should, by the

judgment of all the commanders of army corps, be left entirely secure, had been neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell.

I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction; but when that arrangement was broken up and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was constrained to substitute something for it myself. And allow me to ask, "Do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond via Manassas Junction to this city to be entirely open, except what resistance could be presented by twenty thousand unorganized troops?" This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

There is a curious mystery about the numbers of the troops now with you. When I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying you had over a hundred thousand with you, I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement, taken, as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 then with you and en route to you. You now say you will have but 85,000 when all en route to you shall have reached you. How can the discrepancy of 23,000 be accounted for?

As to General Wood's command, I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do, if that command was away.

I suppose the whole force which has gone forward for you is with you by this time, and if so, I think it is the precise time to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will relatively gain upon you—that is, he will

gain faster, by fortifications and reënforcements, than you can by reënforcements alone.

And once more, let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember. I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy, and the same or equal intrenchments, at either place. The country will not fail to note—is now noting—that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy, is but the story of Manassas repeated.

I beg to assure you that I have never written you, or spoken to you, in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as in my most anxious judgment I consistently can. But you must act.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN. . . .

CONCLUSION OF MCCLELLAN'S REPORT TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT

IN this report I have confined myself to a plain narrative of such facts as are necessary for the purposes of history. Where it was possible I have preferred to give these facts in the language of dispatches, written at the time of their occurrence, rather than to attempt a new relation. . . .

This report is, in fact, the history of the Army of the Potomac. During the period occupied in the organization of that army, it served as a barrier against the advance of a lately victorious enemy, while the fortification of the capital was in progress, and under the discipline which it then received it acquired strength, education, and some of that experience which is necessary to success in active operations, and which enabled it afterward to sustain itself under circumstances trying to the most heroic men. Frequent skirmishes occurred along the lines, conducted with great gallantry, which inured our troops to the realities of war.

The army grew into shape but slowly, and the delays which attended on the obtaining of arms, continued late into the winter of 1861-2, were no less trying to the soldiers than to the people of the country. Even at the time of the organization of the Peninsular campaign, some of the finest regiments were without rifles, nor were the utmost exertions on the part of the military authorities adequate to overcome the obstacles to active service.

When at length the army was in condition to take the field, the Peninsular campaign was planned, and entered upon with enthusiasm by officers and men. Had this campaign been followed up as it was designed, I cannot doubt that it would have resulted in a glorious triumph to our arms, and the permanent restoration of the power of the government in Virginia and North Carolina, if not throughout the revolt-

ing States. It was, however, otherwise ordered, and instead of reporting a victorious campaign, it has been my duty to relate the heroism of a reduced army, sent upon an expedition into an enemy's country, there to abandon one, and originate another new campaign, which might and would have been successful if supported with appreciation of its necessities, but which failed because of the repeated failure of promised support, at the most critical, and, as it proved, the most fatal moments.

That heroism surpasses ordinary description. Its illustration must be left for the pen of the historian in times of calm reflection, when the nation shall be looking back to the past from the midst of peaceful days.

For me, now, it is sufficient to say, that my comrades were victors on every field save one, and there the endurance of a single corps accomplished the object of its fighting, and by securing to the army its transit to the James, left to the enemy a ruinous and barren victory.

The Army of the Potomac was first reduced by the withdrawal from my command of the division of General Blenker, which was ordered to the Mountain Department, under General Fremont. We had scarcely landed on the Peninsula, when it was further reduced by a dispatch, revoking a previous order giving me command of Fortress Monroe, and under which I had expected to take ten thousand men from that point, to aid in our operations. Then, when

under fire before the defenses of Yorktown, we received the news of the withdrawal of General McDowell's corps, of about 35,000 men. This completed the overthrow of the original plan of the campaign. About one-third of my entire army, (five divisions of out of fourteen, one of the nine remaining being little larger than a brigade), was thus taken from me. Instead of a rapid advance which I had planned, aided by a flank movement up the York River, it was only left to besiege Yorktown. That siege was successfully conducted by the army, and when these strong works at length yielded to our approaches, the troops rushed forward to the sanguinary but successful battle of Williamsburg, and thus opened an almost unresisted advance to the banks of the Chickahominy. Richmond lay before them, surrounded with fortifications and guarded by an army larger than our own; but the prospect did not shake the courage of the brave men who composed my command. Relying still on the support which the vastness of our undertaking, and the grand results depending on our success seemed to insure us, we pressed forward. The weather was stormy beyond precedent, the deep soil of the Peninsula was at times one vast morass. The Chickahominy rose to a higher stage than had been known for years before. Pursuing the advance, the crossings were seized, and the right wing extended to effect a junction with reënforcements now promised and earnestly desired, and upon the arrival of which the complete success of the campaign seemed clear.

The brilliant Battle of Hanover Court House was fought, which opened the way for the first corps, with the aid of which, had it come, we should then have gone into the enemy's capital. It never came. The bravest army could not do more, under such overwhelming disappointment, than the Army of the Potomac then did. Fair Oaks attests their courage and endurance, when they hurled back again and again the vastly superior forces of the enemy. But mortal men could not accomplish the miracles that seem to have been expected of them. But one course was left; a flank march in the face of a powerful enemy, to another and better base, one of the most hazardous movements in war. The Army of the Potomac holding its own safety, and almost the safety of our cause, in its hands, was equal to the occasion. The Seven Days are classical in American history; those days in which the noble soldiers of the Union and the Constitution fought an overwhelming enemy by day, and retreated from successive victories by night, through a week of battle, closing the terrible scenes of conflict with the ever memorable victory at Malvern, where they drove back, beaten and shattered, the entire eastern army of the Confederacy, and thus secured for themselves a place of rest, and a point for a new advance upon the capital from the banks of the James.

Richmond was still within our grasp, had the Army of the Potomac been reënforced and permitted to advance. But counsels, which I cannot but think subse-

quent events proved unwise, prevailed in Washington, and we were ordered to abandon the campaign. Never did soldiers better deserve the thanks of a nation than the Army of the Potomac for the deeds of the Peninsular campaign, and although that meed was withheld from them by the authorities, I am persuaded they have received the applause of the American people. The Army of the Potomac was recalled from within sight of Richmond, and incorporated with the Army of Virginia. The disappointments of the campaign on the Peninsula, had not dampened their ardor or diminished their patriotism. They fought well, faithfully, gallantly under General Pope; yet were compelled to fall back on Washington, defeated and almost demoralized. The enemy no longer occupied in guarding his own capital, poured his troops northward, entered Maryland, threatened Pennsylvania, and even Washington itself. Elated by his recent victories, and assured that our troops were disorganized and dispirited, he was confident that the seat of war was now permanently transferred to the loyal States, and that his own exhausted soil was to be relieved from the burden of supporting two hostile armies. But he did not understand the spirit which animated the soldiers of the Union. I shall not, nor can I living forget that, when I was ordered to the command of the troops for the defense of the capital, the soldiers with whom I had shared so much of the anxiety and pain and suffering of the war, had not lost their confidence in me as their commander. They

sprang to my call with all their ancient vigor, discipline and courage. I led them into Maryland. Fifteen days after they had fallen back defeated, before Washington, they vanquished the enemy on the rugged heights of South Mountain, pursued him to the hard fought field of Antietam, and drove him, broken and disappointed, across the Potomac into Virginia.

The army had need of rest. After the terrible experiences of battles and marches, with scarcely an interval of repose, which they had gone through from the time of leaving for the Peninsula, the return to Washington, the defeat in Virginia, the victory at South Mountain, and again at Antietam, it was not surprising that they were, in a large degree, destitute of the absolute necessaries to effective duty. Shoes were worn out, blankets were lost, clothing was in rags; in short the army was unfit for active service, and an interval for rest and equipment was necessary.

When the slowly forwarded supplies came to us, I led the army across the river renovated and refreshed, in good order and discipline, and followed the retreating foe to a position where I was confident of decisive victory, when in the midst of the movement, while my advanced guard was actually in contact with the enemy, I was removed from the command.

I am devoutly grateful to God that my last campaign with this brave army was crowned with a victory which saved the nation from the greatest peril it had then undergone.

I have not accomplished my purpose, if, by this report, the Army of the Potomac is not placed high on the roll of the historic armies of the world.

Its deeds ennoble the nation to which it belongs. Always ready for battle, always firm, steadfast and trustworthy, I never called on it in vain; nor will the nation never have cause to attribute its want of success, as under other commanders, to any failure of patriotism or bravery in that noble body of American soldiers.

No man can justly charge upon any portion of that army, from the commanding general to the private, any lack of devotion to the service of the United States government, and to the cause of the Constitution and the Union. They have proved their fealty in much sorrow, suffering, danger, and through the very shadow of death. Their comrades dead on all the fields where we fought, have scarcely more claim to the honor of a nation's reverence than the survivors to the justice of a nation's gratitude.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN

By Major-General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson

JACKSON, who played an important part in the Confederate victory at the second Battle of Bull Run (August 29-30, 1862), had earned his sobriquet, "Stonewall," at the first Battle of Bull Run, when the stubborn resistance of his brigade moved General Bee to cry out to his own hard-pressed North Carolinians, "Look at Jackson—there he stands like a stone wall." This, Jackson's own, account of the second battle is among the official records in the War Department.

In this engagement were about 50,000 Confederates under Lee, and a Federal army of about 70,000 under General Pope. Preceding it, Jackson with 25,000 men, made a forced march and destroyed the Federal supplies and war munitions at Manassas and Bristow stations. In defeat, Pope withdrew to defenses about Washington, having lost 14,500 men. The Confederate loss was about 5000 less. As a result of this battle Jackson was made a major-general.

PURSUING the instructions of the commanding general, I left Jeffersonton on the morning of the 25th [August, 1862] to throw my command between Washington City and the army of General Pope and to break up his railroad communication with the Federal capital. . . .

On the next day (26th) the march was continued, diverging to the right at Salem, crossing the Bull Run Mountain through Thoroughfare Gap, and passing Gainesville, reached Bristoe Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, after sunset. . . . My command was now in the rear of General Pope's army, separating it from the Federal capital and its base of supply. . . .

Learning that the enemy had collected at Manassas Junction, a station about 7 miles distant, stores of great value, I deemed it important that no time should be lost in securing them. . . . The duty was cheerfully undertaken by all who were assigned to it and most promptly and successfully executed. . . .

The next morning the divisions under command of Generals Hill and Taliaferro moved to Manassas Junction, the division of General Ewell remaining at Bristoe Station. . . .

. . . Orders were given to supply the troops with rations and other articles which they could properly make subservient to their use from the captured property. It was vast in quantity and of great value, comprising 50,000 pounds of bacon, 1,000 barrels of corned beef, 2,000 barrels of salt pork, 2,000 barrels of flour, quartermaster's, ordnance, and sutler's stores deposited in buildings and filling two trains of cars. Having appropriated all that we could use, and unwilling that the residue should again fall into the hands of the enemy, who took possession of the place next day, orders were given to destroy all that remained after supplying the immediate wants of the army. This was done during the night. General Taliaferro moved his division that night across to the Warrenton and Alexandria turnpike, pursuing the road to Sudley's Mill, and crossing the turnpike in the vicinity of Groveton, halted near the battle-field of July 21, 1861. Ewell's and Hill's divisions joined Jackson's on the 28th.

My command had hardly concentrated north of the turnpike before the enemy's advance reached the vicinity of Groveton from the direction of Warrenton. General Stuart kept me advised of the general movements of the enemy, while Colonel Rosser, of the cavalry, with his command, and Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, commanding Campbell's brigade, remained in front of the Federals and operated against their advance. Dispositions were promptly made to attack the enemy, based upon the idea that he would continue to press forward upon the turnpike toward Alexandria; but as he did not appear to advance in force, and there was reason to believe that his main body was leaving the road and inclining toward Manassas Junction, my command was advanced through the woods, leaving Groveton on the left, until it reached a commanding position near Brawner's house. By this time it was sunset; but as his column appeared to be moving by, with its flank exposed, I determined to attack at once, which was vigorously done by the divisions of Taliaferro and Ewell. The batteries of Wooding, Poague, and Carpenter were placed in position in front of Starke's brigade and above the village of Groveton, and, firing over the heads of our skirmishers, poured a heavy fire of shot and shell upon the enemy. This was responded to by a very heavy fire from the enemy, forcing our batteries to select another position. By this time Taliaferro's command, with Lawton's and Trimble's brigades on his left, was advanced from the woods to

the open field, and was now moving in gallant style until it reached an orchard on the right of our line and was less than 100 yards from a large force of the enemy. The conflict here was fierce and sanguinary. Although largely reënforced, the Federals did not attempt to advance, but maintained their ground with obstinate determination.

Both lines stood exposed to the discharges of musketry and artillery until about 9 o'clock, when the enemy slowly fell back, yielding the field to our troops. . . .

Although the enemy moved off under cover of the night and left us in quiet possession of the field, he did not long permit us to remain inactive or in doubt as to his intention to renew the conflict.

The next morning (29th) I found that he had abandoned the ground occupied as the battle-field the evening before and had moved farther to the east and to my left, placing himself between my command and the Federal capital. . .

In the morning, about 10 o'clock, the Federal artillery opened with spirit and animation upon our right, which was soon replied to by the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, Dement, Brockenbrough and Latimer, under Major (L. M.) Shumaker. This lasted for some time, when the enemy moved around more to our left to another point of attack. His next effort was directed against our left. This was vigorously repulsed by the batteries of Braxton, Crenshaw and Pegram.

About 2 p. m. the Federal infantry in large force advanced to the attack of our left, occupied by the division of General Hill. It pressed forward, in defiance of our fatal and destructive fire, with great determination, a portion of it crossing a deep cut in the railroad track and penetrating in heavy force an interval of nearly 175 yards, which separated the right of Gregg's from the left of Thomas' brigade. For a short time Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, was isolated from the main body of the command; but the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, then in reserve, with the Forty-ninth Georgia, left of Colonel Thomas, attacked the exultant enemy with vigor, and drove them back across the railroad track with great slaughter. General McGowan reports that the opposing forces at one time delivered their volleys into each other at the distance of 10 paces. Assault after assault was made on the left, exhibiting on the part of the enemy great pertinacity and determination, but every advance was most successfully and gallantly driven back.

General Hill reports that six separate and distinct assaults were thus met and repulsed by his division, assisted by Hays' brigade, Colonel Forno commanding.

By this time the brigade of General Gregg, which from its position on the extreme left was most exposed to the enemy's attack, had nearly expended its ammunition. . . . It was now retired to the rear to take some repose after seven hours of severe service,

and General Early's brigade, of Ewell's division, with the Eighth Louisiana Regiment, took its place. On reaching his position General Early found that the enemy had obtained possession of the railroad and a piece of wood in front, there being at this point a deep cut, which furnished a strong defense. Moving through a field he advanced upon the enemy, drove them from the wood and railroad cut with great slaughter, and followed in pursuit some 200 yards. . . . As it was not desirable to bring on a general engagement that evening General Early was recalled to the railroad, where Thomas, Pender, and Archer had firmly maintained their positions during the day. Early kept his position there until the following morning. . . .

On the following day (30th) my command occupied the ground and the divisions the same relative position to each other and to the field which they held the day before, forming the left wing of the army, General Longstreet's command forming the right wing . . . the Federal infantry, about 4 o'clock in the evening, moved from under cover of the wood and advanced in several lines, first engaging the right, but soon extending its attack to the center and left. In a few moments our entire line was engaged in a fierce and sanguinary struggle with the enemy. As one line was repulsed another took its place and pressed forward as if determined by force of numbers and fury of assault to drive us from our positions. So impetuous and well sustained were these onsets as

to induce me to send to the commanding general for reënforcements, but the timely and gallant advance of General Longstreet on the right relieved my troops from the pressure of overwhelming numbers and gave to those brave men the chances of a more equal conflict. As Longstreet pressed upon the right the Federal advance was checked, and soon a general advance of my whole line was ordered. Eagerly and fiercely did each brigade press forward, exhibiting in parts of the field scenes of close encounter and murderous strife not witnessed often in the turmoil of battle. The Federals gave way before our troops, fell back in disorder, and fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. During their retreat the artillery opened with destructive power upon the fugitive masses. The infantry followed until darkness put an end to the pursuit.

ANTIETAM

By General George B. McClellan

IN this official report to the War Department of the Battle of Antietam, fought September 16-17, 1862, McClellan states that nearly 209,000 men were engaged, whereas Civil War historians are generally agreed that McClellan commanded a Federal force of about 75,000 against 40,000 Confederates under Lee. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, more men being killed on the second day than on any other one day between 1861 and 1865.

Tactically, it was a drawn battle, though the military verdict is that McClellan, who brought only a part of his force into action, made grave blunders, while the generalship of Lee, who utilized nearly every man, was almost faultless. Strategically, however, it was an important Federal victory, since Lee was forced to abandon his aggressive campaign and retire into Virginia. "Without McClellan's victory," says Rhodes, "the emancipation proclamation might never have been issued."

THE enemy occupied a strong position on the heights, on the West side of Antietam Creek, displaying a large force of infantry and cavalry, with numerous batteries of artillery, which opened on our columns as they appeared in sight on the Keadysville and Sharpsburg turnpike, which fire was returned by Captain Tidball's light battery, 2d United States Artillery, and Pettit's battery, 1st New York Artillery. . . .

Antietam Creek, in this vicinity, is crossed by four stone bridges, the upper one on the Keadysville and Williamsport road; the 2d on the Keadysville and Sharpsburg turnpike, some two and a half miles below; the third about a mile below the second, on the Rohrers-

ville and Sharpsburg road; and the fourth near the mouth of Antietam Creek, on the road leading from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg, some three miles below the third. The stream is sluggish, with few and difficult fords.

After a rapid examination of the position, I found that it was too late to attack that day, and at once directed the placing of the batteries of position of the center, and indicated the bivouacs for the different corps, massing them near and on both sides of the Sharpsburg turnpike. The corps were not all in their positions until the next morning after sunrise.

On the morning of the 16th it was discovered that the enemy had changed the position of his batteries. The masses of his troops were, however, still concealed behind the opposite heights. Their left and center were upon and in front of the Sharpsburg and Hagerstown turnpike, hidden by woods and irregularities of the ground; their extreme left resting upon a wooded eminence near the cross roads to the north of J. Miller's farm, their left resting upon the Potomac. Their line extended south, the right resting upon the hills to the south of Sharpsburg, near Snavoley's farm. . . .

It was afternoon before I could move the troops to their positions for attack, being compelled to spend the morning in reconnoitering the new position taken up by the enemy, examining the ground, finding fords and clearing their approaches, and hurrying up the ammunition and supply trains, which had been de-

layed by the rapid march of the troops over the few practicable approaches from Frederick. These had been crowded by the masses of infantry, cavalry and artillery, pressing on with the hope of overtaking the enemy before he could form to resist an attack; many of the troops were out of rations on the previous day, and a good deal of their ammunition had been expended in the severe action of the 14th. . . .

About 2 P. M. General Hooker, with his corps . . . was ordered to cross the Antietam at a ford, and at bridge No. 1 a short distance above, to attack, and if possible turn the enemy's left. . . . On reaching the vicinity of the enemy's left, a sharp contest commenced with the Pennsylvania Reserves, the advance of General Hooker's corps, near the house of Dr. Miller. The enemy was driven from the strip of woods where he was first met, the firing lasted until after dark, when General Hooker's corps rested on their arms, on ground won from the enemy. . . .

. . . At daylight, on the 17th, the action was commenced by the skirmishers of the Pennsylvania Reserves. The whole of General Hooker's corps was soon engaged, and drove the enemy from the open field in front of the first line of woods, into a second line of woods beyond, which runs to the eastward of and nearly parallel to the Sharpsburg and Hagerstown turnpike. . . .

For about two hours the battle raged with varied success, the enemy endeavoring to drive our troops into the second line of wood, and ours in turn to get

possession of the line in front. Our troops ultimately succeeded in forcing the enemy back into the woods near the turnpike. . . .

At the time of General Sedgwick's advance, General Hooker, while urging on his command, was seriously wounded in the foot and taken from the field. The repulse of the enemy offered opportunity to rearrange the lines and reorganize the commands on the right, now more or less in confusion. The batteries of the Pennsylvania Reserve, on high ground near I. Poffenburger's house, opened fire and checked several attempts of the enemy to establish batteries in front of our right, to turn that flank and enfilade the lines.

While this conflict was so obstinately raging on the right, General French was pushing his division against the enemy still further to the left. This division crossed the Antietam at the same ford as General Sedgwick, and immediately in his rear. Passing over the stream in three columns, the division marched about a mile from the ford, then facing to the left, moved in three lines towards the enemy. . . . The division was first assailed by a fire of artillery, but steadily advanced, driving the enemy's skirmishers, and encountered the infantry in some force at the group of houses on Roulette's farm. General Weber's brigade gallantly advanced with an unwavering front, and drove the enemy from their position about the houses.

While General Weber was hotly engaged with the first line of the enemy, General French received orders from General Sumner, his corps commander, to push on with renewed vigor to make a diversion in favor of the attack on the right. As the line reached the crest of the hill, a gallant fire was opened on it from the sunken road and corn-field. Here a terrific fire of musketry burst from both lines, and the battle raged along the whole line with great slaughter. The enemy attempted to turn the left of the line, but were met by the 7th Virginia and 132d Pennsylvania Volunteers, and repulsed.

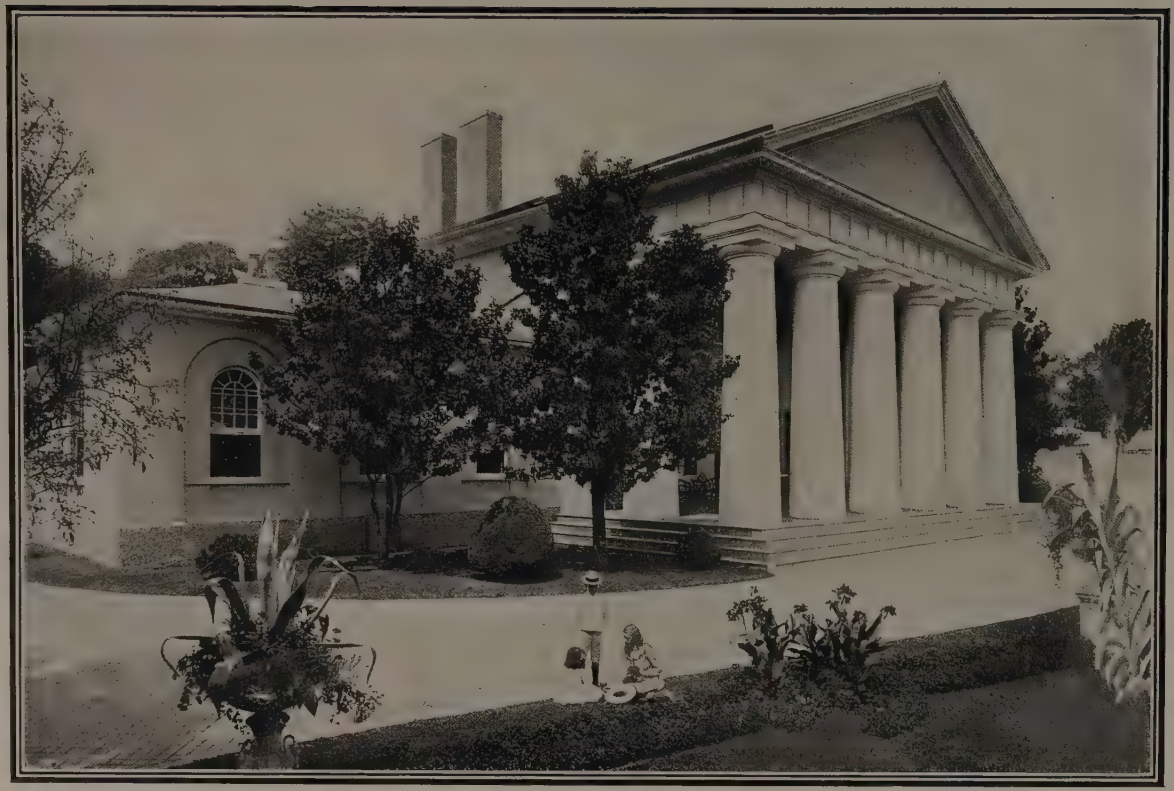
Foiled in this, the enemy made a determined assault on the front, but was met by a charge from our lines, which drove him back with severe loss, leaving in our hands some 300 prisoners, and several stands of colors. The enemy having been repulsed by the terrible execution of the batteries and the musketry fire on the extreme right, now attempted to assist the attack on General French's division, by assaulting him on his right, and endeavoring to turn his flank, but this attack was met and checked by the 14th Indiana and 8th Ohio volunteers, and by canister from Captain Tomkins's battery, 1st Rhode Island artillery. Having been under an almost continuous fire for nearly four hours, and their ammunition being nearly exhausted, the division now took position immediately below the crest of the heights on which they had so gallantly fought, the enemy making no attempt to regain their lost ground. . . .

Our troops on the left of this part of the line, having driven the enemy far back, they, with reënforced numbers, made a determined attack directly in front. To meet this, Colonel Barlow brought his two regiments to their position in line, and drove the enemy through the cornfield into the orchard beyond, under a heavy fire of musketry, and a fire of canister from two pieces of artillery in the orchard and a battery further to the right, throwing shell and case-shot. This advance gave us possession of Piper's house, the strong point contended for by the enemy at this part of the line, it being a defensible building, several hundred yards in advance of the sunken road. . . .

Between 12 and 1 p. m., General Franklin's corps arrived on the field of battle, having left their camp near Crampton's Pass at 6 a. m., leaving General Couch with orders to move with his division to occupy Maryland heights.

General Smith's division led the column, followed by General Slocum's.

It was first intended to keep this corps in reserve on the east side of the Antietam, to operate on either flank or on the center, as circumstances might require. But, on nearing Keadysville, the strong opposition on the right, developed by the attacks of Hooker and Sumner, rendered it necessary to send this corps at once to the assistance of the right wing. On nearing the field, hearing that one of our batteries ("A," 4th U. S. Artillery), commanded by Lieutenant Thomas, who occupied the same position as Lieutenant Wood-



Arlington Mansion, Formerly the Home of Robert E. Lee
The Property Was Seized by the Government During the Civil War and is Now the Site of
Arlington National Cemetery

ruff's battery in the morning, was hotly engaged, without supports, General Smith sent two regiments to its relief from General Hancock's brigade. On inspecting the ground, General Smith ordered the other regiment of Hancock's brigade, with Frank's and Cowen's batteries, 1st New York Artillery, to the threatened position; Lieutenant Thomas and Captain Cothran, commanding batteries, bravely held their positions against the advancing enemy, handling their batteries with skill. . . .

Towards the middle of the afternoon, proceeding to the right, I found that Sumner's, Hooker's, and Mansfield's corps had met with serious losses. Several general officers had been carried from the field severely wounded, and the aspect of affairs was anything but promising. At the risk of greatly exposing our center, I ordered two brigades from Porter's corps, the only available troops, to reënforce the right. Six battalions of Sykes's regulars had been thrown across the Antietam bridge on the main road, to attack and drive back the enemy's sharpshooters, who were annoying Pleasonton's horse batteries in advance of the bridge. Warren's brigade of Porter's corps was detached to hold a position on Burnside's right and rear, so that Porter was left at one time with only a portion of Sykes's division, and one small brigade of Morell's division (but little over three thousand men) to hold his important position.

General Sumner expressed the most decided opinion against another attempt during that day to assault

the enemy's position in front, as portions of our troops were so much scattered and demoralized. In view of these circumstances, after making changes in the positions of some of the troops, I directed the different commanders to hold their positions, and, being satisfied that this could be done without the assistance of the two brigades from the center, I countermanded the order which was in course of execution. . . .

On the morning of the 17th the troops of General Burnside held the left of the line opposite bridge No. 3. The attack on the right was to have been supported by an attack on the left. Preparatory to this attack, on the evening of the 16th, General Burnside's corps was moved forward and to the left, and took up a position nearer the bridge.

I visited General Burnside's position on the 16th, and after pointing out to him the proper dispositions to be made of his troops during the day and night, informed him that he would probably be required to attack the enemy's right on the following morning, and directed him to make careful reconnoissances. . . .

Early on the morning of the 17th, I ordered General Burnside to form his troops, and hold them in readiness to assault the bridge in his front, and to await further orders.

At eight o'clock an order was sent to him by Lieutenant Wilson, Topographical Engineers to carry the bridge, then to gain possession of the heights beyond, and to advance along their crest upon Sharpsburg and its rear.

After some time had elapsed, not hearing from him, I despatched an aide to ascertain what had been done. The aide returned with the information that but little progress had been made. I then sent him back with an order to General Burnside, to assault the bridge at once, and carry it at all hazards. The aide returned to me a second time, with the report that the bridge was still in the possession of the enemy. Whereupon I directed Colonel Sackett, Inspector General, to deliver to General Burnside my positive order to push forward his troops without a moment's delay, and, if necessary, to carry the bridge at the point of the bayonet, and I ordered Colonel Sackett to remain with General Burnside and see that the order was executed promptly.

After these three hours' delay, the bridge was carried at 1 o'clock by a brilliant charge of the 51st New York and 51st Pennsylvania Volunteers. Other troops were then thrown over and the opposite bank occupied, the enemy retreating to the heights beyond.

A halt was then made by General Burnside's advance until 3 p. m., upon hearing which I directed one of my aides—Colonel Key—to inform General Burnside that I desired him to push forward his troops with the utmost vigor and carry the enemy's position on the heights; that the movement was vital to our success; that this was a time when we must not stop for loss of life if a great object could be thereby accomplished. That if, in his judgment, his attack would fail, to inform me so at once, that his troops

might be withdrawn and used elsewhere on the field. He replied that he would soon advance, and would go up the hill as far as a battery of the enemy on the left would permit. Upon this report I again immediately sent Colonel Key to General Burnside, with orders to advance at once, if possible, to flank the battery or storm it and carry the heights, repeating that if he considered the movement impracticable to inform me so, that his troops might be recalled. The advance was then gallantly resumed, the enemy driven from their guns, the heights handsomely carried, and a portion of the troops even reached the outskirts of Sharpsburg. By this time it was nearly dark, and strong reënforcements just then reaching the enemy from Harper's Ferry, attacked General Burnside's troops on their left flank, and forced them to retire to a lower line of hills nearer the bridge.

If this important movement had been consummated two hours earlier, a position would have been secured upon the heights from which our batteries might have enfiladed the greater part of the enemy's line, and turned their right and rear. Our victory might have been much more decisive. . . .

It was now nearly dark. General Sturgis was ordered forward to support the left. Notwithstanding the hard work in the early part of the day, his division moved forward with spirit. With its assistance, the enemy were checked and held at bay.

The command was ordered to fall back by General Cox, who commanded, on the field, the troops engaged

in this attack beyond the Antietam. The artillery had been well served during the day. Night closed the long and desperately contested battle of the 17th. Nearly 209,000 men, and 500 pieces of artillery, were for fourteen hours engaged in this memorable battle. We had attacked the enemy in a position selected by the experienced engineer then in person directing their operations. We had driven them from their line on one flank, and secured a footing within it on the other. The Army of the Potomac, notwithstanding the moral effect incident to previous reverses, had achieved a victory over an adversary invested with the prestige of recent success. Our soldiers slept that night, conquerors, on a field won by their valor, and covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy.

FREDERICKSBURG

By Major-General Ambrose Everett Burnside

THIS account of the Battle of Fredericksburg, fought on December 13, 1862, between the Federal Army of the Potomac, numbering approximately 116,000, under Burnside, and the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, numbering about 78,000, under Lee, is embodied in Burnside's official report to the War Department. The Union command had been forced upon Burnside, in succession to McClellan, despite his misgivings as to his competency. That they were well-founded was borne out by the overwhelming Confederate victory at Fredericksburg, where the Union loss was 12,653, and the Confedrate 5,377.

In the camp of his beaten army that night, Burnside moaned over and over: "Those men upon the ground! Those men, those men, those men!" Yet it was only with great difficulty that he was dissuaded by his officers from renewing the attack on the following day. A month or so after this battle Burnside was replaced by General Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac.

I WAS to move the main army to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, and there cross the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges, which were to be sent from Washington. . . .

In my interview with General Halleck I represented to him that soon after commencing the movement in the direction of Fredericksburg my telegraphic communication with Washington would be broken, and that I relied upon him to see that such parts of my plan as required action in Washington would be carried out. He told me that everything required by me would receive his attention, and that he would at once order, by telegraph, the pontoon trains spoken of in my plan, and would, upon his return

to Washington, see that they were promptly forwarded. . . .

On my arrival at Falmouth, on the 19th [November], I dispatched to General Halleck's chief of staff the report . . . which . . . states the fact of the non-arrival of the pontoon train. These pontoon trains and supplies, which were expected to meet us on our arrival at Falmouth, could have been readily moved overland in time for our purposes in perfect safety. . . .

. . . Great exertions were made by Colonel Spaulding to push his train forward, but before his arrival at the Occoquan he decided to raft his boats when he reached that river, and have them towed to Belle Plain, for which purpose he sent an officer back for a steamer to meet him at the mouth of the river. The animals were sent overland. He arrived at Belle Plain with his pontoons on the 24th, and by the night of the 25th he was encamped near general headquarters.

By this time the enemy had concentrated a large force on the opposite side of the river, so that it became necessary to make arrangements to cross in the face of a vigilant and formidable foe. These arrangements were not completed until about December 10. . . .

. . . Before issuing final orders, I concluded that the enemy would be more surprised by a crossing at or near Fredericksburg, where we were making no preparations, than by crossing at Skinners Neck, and

I determined to make the attempt at the former place. It was decided to throw four or five pontoon bridges across the river—two at a point near the Lacy house, opposite the upper part of the town, one near the steamboat landing at the lower part of the town, one about a mile below, and, if there were pontoons sufficient, two at the latter point.

Final orders were now given to the commanders of the three grand divisions to concentrate their troops near the places for the proposed bridges. . . .

The right grand division (General Sumner's) was directed to concentrate near the upper and middle bridges; the left grand division (General Franklin's) near the bridges, below the town; the center grand division (General Hooker's) near to and in rear of General Sumner. These arrangements were made with a view of throwing the bridges on the morning of December 11th. The enemy held possession of the city of Fredericksburg and the crest or ridge running from a point on the river, just above Falmouth, to the Massaponax, some 4 miles below. This ridge was in rear of the city, forming an angle with the Rappahannock. Between the ridge and the river there is a plain, narrow at the point, where Fredericksburg stands, but widening out as it approaches the Massaponax. . . .

During the night of the 10th the bridge material was taken to the proper points on the river, and soon after 3 o'clock on the morning of the 11th the working parties commenced throwing the bridges, protected

by infantry, placed under cover of the banks, and by artillery, on the bluffs above. One of the lower bridges, for General Franklin's command, was completed by 10.30 a. m. without serious trouble, and afterward a second bridge was constructed at the same point. The upper bridge, near the Lacy house and the middle bridge near the steamboat landing were about two-thirds built at 6 a. m., when the enemy opened upon the working parties with musketry with such severity as to cause them to leave the work. Our artillery was unable to silence this fire, the fog being so dense as to make accurate firing impossible. Frequent attempts were made to continue the work, but to no purpose.

About noon the fog cleared away, and we were able, with our artillery, to check the fire of the enemy. After consultation with Generals Hunt and Woodbury, I decided to resume the work on the bridges, and gave directions, in accordance with a suggestion of General Hunt, to send men over in pontoons to the other shore as rapidly as possible, to drive the enemy from his position on the opposite bank. This work was most gallantly performed by Colonel Hall's brigade—the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts—at the upper bridges, and by the Eighty-ninth New York at the middle bridge, and the enemy were soon driven from their position. The throwing of the bridges was resumed, and they were soon afterward finished.

No more difficult feat has been performed during the war than the throwing of these bridges in the face of the enemy by these brave men. . . .

It was now near night-fall. One brigade of Franklin's division crossed over to the south side; drove the enemy's pickets from the houses near the bridge head, and Howard's division, together with a brigade from the Ninth Corps, both of General Sumner's command, crossed over on the upper and middle bridges, and, after some sharp skirmishing, occupied the town before daylight on the morning of the 12th.

During this day, the 12th, Sumner's and Franklin's commands crossed over and took position on the south bank, and General Hooker's grand division was held in readiness to support either the right or left, or to press the enemy in case the other command succeeded in moving him. . . .

The old Richmond road . . . runs from the town in a line nearly parallel with the river, to a point near the Massaponax, where it turns to the south, and passes near the right of the crest, or ridge, which runs in rear of the town, and was then occupied by the enemy in force. In order to pass down this road it was necessary to occupy the extreme right of this crest, which was designated on the map then in use by the army as "Hamilton's." . . .

It was my intention, in case this point had been gained, to push Generals Sumner and Hooker against the left of the crest, and prevent at least the removal

of the artillery of the enemy, in case they attempted a retreat. . . .

. . . General Franklin was directed to seize, if possible, the heights near Captain Hamilton's, and to send at once a column of attack for that purpose, composed of a division at least, in the lead, well supported, and to keep his whole command in readiness to move down the old Richmond road. The object of this order is clear. It was necessary to seize this height in order to enable the remainder of his forces to move down the old Richmond road, with a view of getting in rear of the enemy's line on the crest. He was ordered to seize these heights, if possible, and to do it at once. I sent him a copy of the order to General Sumner, in which . . . I directed General Sumner's column not to move until he received orders from me, while he (General Franklin) was ordered to move at once. The movements were not intended to be simultaneous; in fact, I did not intend to move General Sumner until I learned that Franklin was about to gain the heights near Hamilton's, which I then supposed he was entirely able to do. . . .

. . . one of the smallest divisions of the command (General Meade's) led the attack. . . .

From General Meade's report it seems that he had great difficulty in getting his command into position to assault the hill. The time occupied for that purpose was from 9 a. m. till 1.15 p. m. In consequence of the smallness of his division, and the absence of immediate and available supports, he was forced to

make frequent halts, for the purpose of protecting his flanks and silencing the enemy's artillery; but, once in position, his division moved forward with the utmost gallantry. He broke the enemy's line; captured many prisoners and colors; crossed the road that ran in the rear of the crest, and established himself at the desired point on the crest; and, had he been able to hold it, our forces would have had free passage to the rear of the enemy's line along the crest. The supports which the order contemplated were not with him, and he found himself across the enemy's line, with both flanks unprotected. He dispatched staff officers to Generals Gibbon and Birney, urging them to advance to his right and left, in support of his flanks; but before the arrival of these divisions he was forced to withdraw from his advanced position, with his lines broken. These two divisions met his division as it was retreating, and by their gallant fighting aided materially in its safe withdrawal. An unsuccessful effort was made to reform the division, after which it was marched to the rear and held in reserve. . . .

General Sumner's corps was held in position until after 11 o'clock, in the hope that Franklin would make such an impression upon the enemy as would enable him (Sumner) to carry the enemy's line near the Telegraph and Plank roads. Feeling the importance of haste, I now directed General Sumner to commence his attack. He had already issued his orders, but had, in accordance with my instructions, directed

his troops to be held in readiness for the attack, but not to move without further orders from him.

The enemy was strongly posted along the crest in his front, covered by rifle-pits and batteries, which gave him a commanding sweep of the ground over which our troops had to pass. I supposed when I ordered General Sumner to attack that General Franklin's attack on the left would have been made before General Sumner's men would be engaged, and would have caused the enemy to weaken his forces in front of Sumner, and I therefore hoped to break through their lines at this point. It subsequently appeared that this attack had not been made at the time General Sumner moved, and, when it was finally made, proved to be in such small force as to have had no permanent effect upon the enemy's line.

. . . Never did men fight more persistently than this brave grand division of General Sumner. The officers and men seemed to be inspired with the lofty courage and determined spirit of their noble commander, but the position was too strong for them. . . .

At 1.30 p. m. I ordered General Hooker to support General Sumner with his command. Soon after receiving this order, he (General Hooker) sent an aide-de-camp to me with the statement that he did not think the attack would be successful. I directed him to make the assault. Some time afterward General Hooker came to me in person with the same statement. I reiterated my order, which he then proceeded to obey. The afternoon was now well advanced.

General Franklin before this had been positively ordered to attack with his whole force, and I hoped before sundown to have broken through the enemy's line. This order was not carried out.

At 4 p. m. General Humphreys was directed to attack, General Sykes' division moving in support of Humphreys' right. All these men fought with determined courage, but without success. . . .

Our forces had been repulsed at all points, and it was necessary to look upon the day's work as a failure. . . .

From the night of the 13th until the night of the 15th, our men held their positions. Something was done in the way of intrenching, and some angry skirmishing and annoying artillery firing was indulged in in the meantime. . . .

On the night of the 15th, I decided to remove the army to the north side of the river, and the work was accomplished without loss of men or "matériel." . . .

The courage and heroism displayed by the army at the Battle of Fredericksburg has not been excelled during the war, and the memories of the brave officers and men who fell on that field will ever be cherished and honored by a grateful country.

HOW THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION WAS DRAFTED

By Francis C. Carpenter

IN his "Six Months in the White House with Abraham Lincoln," Carpenter, a Civil War portrait painter, gives this account of the manner in which the emancipation proclamation was drafted. Carpenter was a guest in the White House for the purpose of painting his celebrated "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation."

Following the Battle of Antietam, September 22, 1862, Lincoln issued a preliminary proclamation, decreeing the emancipation, on January 1, 1863, of all slaves in the States which should till then continue in rebellion. Before signing the final draft, Lincoln had been shaking hands with a procession of visitors, and his hand was trembling. He remarked to Seward that if his signature wavered, "They will say I was afraid to sign it." Directly, however, he took up a pen and wrote his name firmly and clearly, observing quizzically, "Seward, if I am to be remembered in history at all, it will probably be in connection with this piece of paper."

THE appointed hour found me at the well-remembered door of the official chamber—that door watched daily, with so many conflicting emotions of hope and fear, by the anxious throng regularly gathered there. The President had preceded me, and was already deep in Acts of Congress, with which the writing-desk was strewed, awaiting his signature. He received me pleasantly, giving me a seat near his own arm-chair; and after having read Mr. Lovejoy's note [of introduction], he took off his spectacles, and said, "Well, Mr. C——, we will turn you in loose here, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea." Then, without paying much attention to the enthusiastic expres-

sion of my ambitious desire and purpose, he proceeded to give me a detailed account of the history and issue of the great proclamation.

"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862." (The exact date he did not remember.) "This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present, excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read.

"Mr. Lovejoy," said he, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr.

Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last shriek, on the retreat." (This was his precise expression.) "'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!' "

Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watch-

ing the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster, at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the Battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

At the final meeting of September 20th, another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the proclamation in these words:

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize the freedom of such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." "When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me, and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word "recognize," in that sentence, the words "and maintain." ' I replied that I had already fully considered

the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely sure that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' this.

"But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"

"It is a somewhat remarkable fact," he subsequently remarked, "that there were just one hundred days between the dates of the two proclamations issued upon the 22d of September and the 1st of January. I had not made the calculation at the time."

Having concluded this interesting statement, the President then proceeded to show me the various positions occupied by himself and the different members of the Cabinet, on the occasion of the first meeting. "As nearly as I remember," said he, "I sat near the head of the table; the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War were here, at my right hand; the others were grouped at the left."

HOOKER PLACED IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

Lincoln's Letter to Hooker

JOSEPH HOOKER, like so many Civil War commanders, was a West Point graduate and served with distinction through the Mexican War. Preceding his appointment to succeed Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac, Hooker was conspicuous at the Battles of Bristoe Station, the second Battle of Bull Run, and at Chantilly. He was wounded at Antietam.

His energy and success in reorganizing and reinvigorating the Army of the Potomac were, as President Lincoln apprehended, not borne out on the battlefield. He failed to show those qualities which had distinguished him as a corps and division commander, and was presently to be succeeded by General Meade. Later on, however, he was brevetted major-general in the Regular Army for his conduct at the Battle of Lookout Mountain.

GENERAL:—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you

could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit that you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

To General J. Hooker

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.

January 26, 1863.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

By General Robert Edward Lee

IN no battle of the Civil War was the military genius of General Lee more brilliantly displayed than at Chancellorsville, May 2-4, 1863. General Joseph Hooker had succeeded Burnside in command of the Federal Army of the Potomac, numbering 130,000 men, while Lee had less than half as many Confederates in his Army of Northern Virginia. As Lee here recounts in his official report of the battle, "Stonewall" Jackson was ordered, with 30,000 men, to make a wide detour and assault the enemy's flank. This he did, taking the Federal army by surprise, and stampeding it. However, Jackson, while in advance of his troops, was fired upon and mortally wounded by his own men, who mistook his escort for a Federal detachment. The Union loss was about 17,300, the Confederate about 12,465. Lee clearly outgeneraled Hooker, and won an important victory with greatly inferior forces; but his success was clouded by the loss of Jackson.

GENERAL: After the Battle of Fredericksburg, the army remained encamped on the south side of the Rappahannock until the latter part of April. The Federal army occupied the north side of the river opposite Fredericksburg, extending to the Potomac. . . .

At 5.30 a. m. on April 28, the enemy crossed the Rappahannock in boats near Fredericksburg and driving off the pickets on the river, proceeded to lay down a pontoon bridge a short distance below the mouth of Deep Run. Later in the forenoon another bridge was constructed about a mile below the first. A considerable force crossed on these bridges during the day,

and was massed out of view under the high banks of the river. . . .

No demonstration was made opposite any other part of our lines at Fredericksburg, and the strength of the force that had crossed and its apparent indisposition to attack indicated that the principal effort of the enemy would be made in some other quarter. This impression was confirmed by intelligence received from General Stuart that a large body of infantry and artillery was passing up the river. During the forenoon of the 29th, that officer reported that the enemy crossed in force near Kelly's Ford on the preceding evening. Later in the day he announced that a heavy column was moving from Kelly's toward Germanna Ford, on the Rapidan, and another toward Ely's Ford on that river. The routes they were pursuing after crossing the Rapidan converge near Chancellorsville, whence several roads lead to the rear of our position at Fredericksburg.

On the night of the 29th, General Anderson was directed to proceed toward Chancellorsville. . . .

The enemy in our front near Fredericksburg continued inactive, and it was now apparent that the main attack would be made upon our flank and rear. It was, therefore, determined to leave sufficient troops to hold our lines, and with the main body of the army to give battle to the approaching column. Early's division, of Jackson's corps, and Barksdale's brigade, of McLaws' division, with part of the Reserve Artillery, under General (W. N.) Pendleton, were in-

trusted with the defense of our position at Fredericksburg, and, at midnight on the 30th, General McLaws marched with the rest of his command toward Chancellorsville. General Jackson followed at dawn next morning with the remaining divisions of his corps. He reached the position occupied by General Anderson at 8 a. m., and immediately began preparations to advance.

At 11 a. m. the troops moved forward upon the Plank and old Turnpike roads. . . . The enemy was soon encountered on both roads, and heavy skirmishing with infantry and artillery ensued, our troops pressing steadily forward. A strong attack upon General McLaws was repulsed with spirit by Semmes' brigade, and General Wright, by direction of General Anderson, diverging to the left of the Plank road, marched by way of the unfinished railroad from Fredericksburg to Gordonsville, and turned the enemy's right. His whole line thereupon retreated rapidly, vigorously pursued by our troops until they arrived within about 1 mile of Chancellorsville. Here the enemy had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest filled with a tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front, so as to form an almost impenetrable abatis. . . .

It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his supe-

riority of numbers. It was, therefore, resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Jackson with his three divisions. The commands of Generals McLaws and Anderson with the exception of Wilcox's brigade, which during the night had been ordered back to Banks' Ford, remained in front of the enemy.

Early on the morning of the 2d, General Jackson marched by the Furnace and Brock roads, his movement being effectually covered by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, under General Stuart in person. . . .

After a long and fatiguing march, General Jackson's leading division, under General Rodes, reached the old turnpike, about 3 miles in rear of Chancellorsville, at 4 p. m. As the different divisions arrived, they were formed at right angles to the road—Rodes in front, Trimble's division, under Brigadier-General Colston, in the second, and A. P. Hill's in the third, line.

At 6 p. m. the advance was ordered. The enemy were taken by surprise, and fled after a brief resistance. General Rodes' men pushed forward with great vigor and enthusiasm, followed closely by the second and third lines. Position after position was carried, the guns captured, and every effort of the enemy to rally defeated by the impetuous rush of our troops. In the ardor of pursuit through the thick and tangled woods, the first and second lines at last became

mingled, and moved on together as one. . . . It was now dark, and General Jackson ordered the third line, under General Hill, to advance to the front, and relieve the troops of Rodes and Colston, who were completely blended and in such disorder, from their rapid advance through intricate woods and over broken ground, that it was necessary to reform them. As Hill's men moved forward, General Jackson, with his staff and escort, returning from the extreme front, met his skirmishers advancing, and in the obscurity of the night were mistaken for the enemy and fired upon. . . . General Jackson himself received a severe injury, and was borne from the field. The command devolved upon Major-General Hill. . . . General Hill was soon afterward disabled, and Major-General Stuart . . . was sent for to take command. . . .

Upon General Stuart's arrival, soon afterward, the command was turned over to him by General Hill. He immediately proceeded to reconnoiter the ground and make himself acquainted with the disposition of the troops. The darkness of the night and the difficulty of moving through the woods and undergrowth rendered it advisable to defer further operations until morning, and the troops rested on their arms in line of battle. . . .

Early on the morning of the 3d, General Stuart renewed the attack upon the enemy. . . . Anderson, in the meantime, pressed gallantly forward directly upon Chancellorsville, his right resting upon the Plank road and his left extending around toward the Fur-

nace, while McLaws made a strong demonstration to the right of the road. As the troops advancing upon the enemy's front and right converged upon his central position, Anderson effected a junction with Jackson's corps, and the whole line pressed irresistibly on. The enemy was driven from all his fortified positions, with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and retreated toward the Rappahannock. By 10 a. m. we were in full possession of the field.

The troops, having become somewhat scattered by the difficulties of the ground and the ardor of the contest, were immediately reformed preparatory to renewing the attack. . . . Our preparations were just completed when further operations were arrested by intelligence received from Fredericksburg. . . .

Before dawn on the morning of the 3d, General Barksdale reported to General Early that the enemy had occupied Fredericksburg in large force and laid down a bridge at the town. . . .

. . . The success of the enemy enabled him to threaten our communications by moving down the Telegraph road, or to come upon our rear at Chancellorsville by the Plank road . . . The enemy then began to advance up the Plank road, his progress being gallantly disputed by the brigade of General Wilcox, who had moved from Banks' Ford as rapidly as possible to the assistance of General Barksdale, but arrived too late to take part in the action. General Wilcox fell back slowly until he reached Salem Church, on the Plank road, about 5 miles from Fredericksburg.

Information of the state of affairs in our rear having reached Chancellorsville, as already stated, General McLaws, with his three brigades and one of General Anderson's, was ordered to reënforce General Wilcox. He arrived at Salem Church early in the afternoon, where he found General Wilcox in line of battle, with a large force of the enemy—consisting, as was reported, of one army corps and part of another, under Major-General Sedgwick—in his front. . . . The enemy's artillery played vigorously upon our position for some time, when his infantry advanced in three strong lines, the attack being directed mainly against General Wilcox, but partially involving the brigades on his left. The assault was met with the utmost firmness, and after a fierce struggle the first line was repulsed with great slaughter. The second then came forward, but immediately broke under the close and deadly fire which it encountered, and the whole mass fled in confusion to the rear. . . .

The next morning General Early advanced along the Telegraph road, and recaptured Marye's and the adjacent hills without difficulty, thus gaining the rear of the enemy's left. He then proposed to General McLaws that a simultaneous attack be made on their respective commands, but the latter officer not deeming his force adequate to assail the enemy in front, the proposition was not carried into effect.

In the meantime the enemy had so strengthened his position near Chancellorsville that it was deemed inexpedient to assail it with less than our whole force,

which could not be concentrated until we were relieved from the danger that menaced our rear. It was accordingly resolved still further to reënforce the troops in front of General Sedgwick, in order, if possible, to drive him across the Rappahannock.

Accordingly, on the 4th, General Anderson was directed to proceed with his remaining three brigades to join General McLaws, the three divisions of Jackson's corps holding our position at Chancellorsville. Anderson reached Salem Church about noon, and was directed to gain the left flank of the enemy and effect a junction with Early. McLaws' troops were disposed as on the previous day, with orders to hold the enemy in front, and to push forward his right brigades as soon as the advance of Anderson and Early should be perceived, so as to connect with them and complete the continuity of our line. . . . The attack did not begin until 6 p. m., when Anderson and Early moved forward and drove General Sedgwick's troops rapidly before them across the Plank road in the direction of the Rappahannock. . . .

The next morning it was found that General Sedgwick had made good his escape and removed his bridges. Fredericksburg was also evacuated, and our rear no longer threatened; but as General Sedgwick had it in his power to recross, it was deemed best to leave General Early, with his division and Barksdale's brigade, to hold our lines as before, McLaws and Anderson being directed to return to Chancellorsville. They reached their destination during the afternoon,

in the midst of a violent storm, which continued throughout the night and most of the following day.

Preparations were made to assail the enemy's works at daylight on the 6th, but, on advancing our skirmishers, it was found that under cover of the storm and darkness of the night he had retreated over the river. . . .

The movement by which the enemy's position was turned and the fortune of the day decided was conducted by the lamented Lieutenant-General Jackson, who, as has already been stated, was severely wounded near the close of the engagement on Saturday evening. I do not propose here to speak of the character of this illustrious man, since removed from the scene of his eminent usefulness by the hand of an inscrutable but all-wise Providence. I nevertheless desire to pay the tribute of my admiration to the matchless energy and skill that marked this last act of his life, forming, as it did, a worthy conclusion of that long series of splendid achievements which won for him the lasting love and gratitude of his country.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON

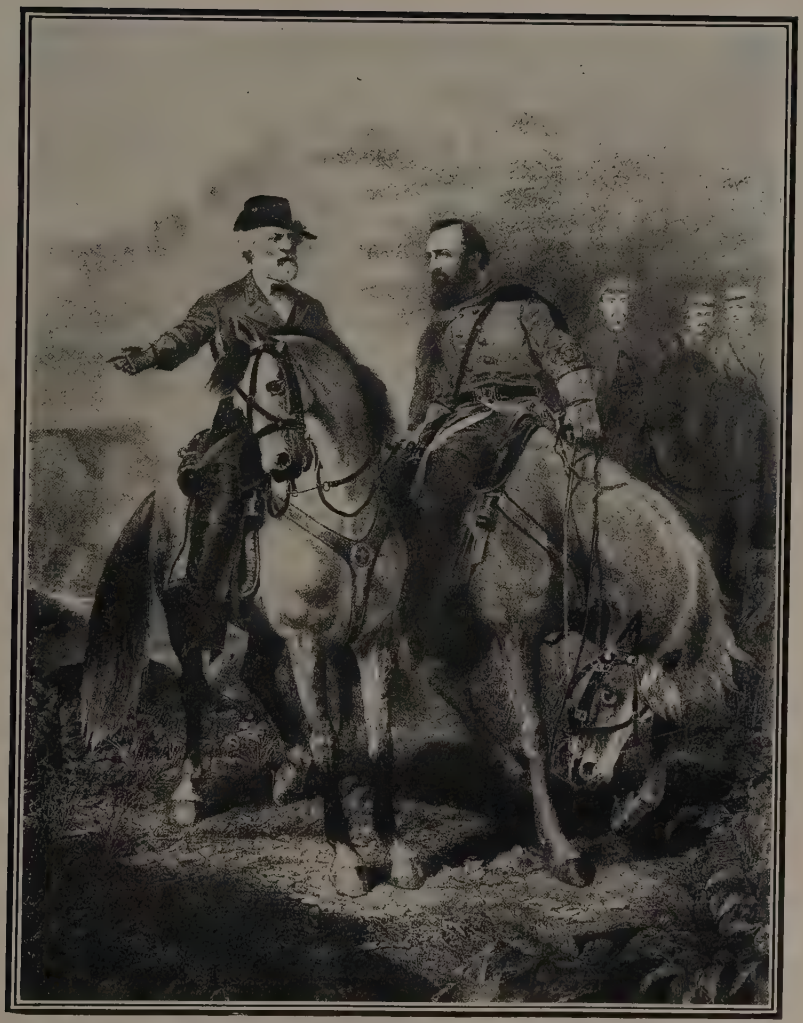
By Mary Anna Jackson (His Wife)

IT was while he was performing a brilliant military maneuver, on the evening of May 2, 1863, at the Battle of Chancellorsville that Jackson, with a small reconnoitering escort, advanced in front of his own lines and, being mistaken for a Federal officer, was fired upon by the Confederates. He was severely wounded in his left arm, which had to be amputated. To the stricken general Lee said in a message sent through a friend, "He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm." Jackson seemed in a fair way to recover, but pneumonia set in, from which he died eight days later, as told by his widow, in "The Life and Letters of 'Stonewall' Jackson," published by Harper & Brothers.

Jackson was conspicuous not only for his military genius, but for his personal character. Like Cromwell, he blended the devoutness of the Puritan with the severity of the soldier. He never began a battle without a prayer, and after a victory publicly gave thanks to God.

GENERAL JACKSON, accompanied by a part of his staff and several couriers, advanced on the turnpike in the direction of the enemy about a hundred yards, when he was fired upon by a volley of musketry from his right front. The bullets whistled among the party, and struck several horses. This fire was evidently from the enemy, and one of his men caught his bridle-rein and said to him: "General Jackson, you should not expose yourself so much." "There is no danger," he replied, "the enemy is routed. Go back and tell General Hill to press on." But in order to screen himself from the flying bullets, he rode from the road to the left and rear. The small trees

and brushwood being very dense, it was difficult to effect a passage on horseback. While riding as rapidly as possible to the rear, he came in front of his own line of battle, who, having no idea that he, or any one but the enemy, was in their front, and mistaking the party for a body of Federal cavalry, opened a sharp fire upon them. From this volley General Jackson received his mortal wounds. His right hand was pierced by a bullet, his left arm was shattered by two balls, one above and one below the elbow, breaking the bones and severing the main artery. His horse, "Little Sorrel," terrified by the nearness and suddenness of the fire, dashed off in the direction of the enemy, and it was with great difficulty that he could control him—his bridle hand being helpless, and the tangled brushwood, through which he was borne, almost dragging him from his seat. But he seized the reins with his right hand, and, arresting the flight of his horse, brought him back into his own lines, where, almost fainting, he was assisted to the ground by Captain Wilbourne, his signal officer. By this fire several of his escort were killed and wounded . . . and every horse which was not shot down wheeled back in terror, bearing his rider towards the advancing enemy. The firing was arrested by Lieutenant Morrison, who, after his horse was killed under him, ran to the front of the firing line, and with much difficulty in making himself heard, told them they were firing into their own men. . . .



Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson

The enemy soon changed from canister to shell and elevated their range, when the young men renewed their efforts to get General Jackson to the rear, supporting him with their strong arms, as he slowly and painfully dragged himself along. As the Confederate troops were hurrying to the front, they met the party, and the question came from the lips of almost every passer-by, "Whom have you there?" The general, not wishing his troops to recognize him, gave orders to leave the road and diverge into the woods. He said to his attendants: "Don't tell them who it is, but simply say it is a Confederate officer." Despite these precautions, he did not escape recognition by some of his men, who exclaimed with grief and dismay: "Great God! it is General Jackson!" General Pender, of North Carolina, was one of those who recognized him, and after approaching and expressing his deep regret at his wounding, said to him: "The troops have suffered severely from the enemy's artillery, and are somewhat disorganized; I fear we cannot maintain our position." Faint and exhausted as he was, a gleam of the old battle-fire flashed from his eyes, and instantly he replied: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir." This was the last order given by the hero of so many battle-fields. . . .

On meeting the wounded general, says Dr. McGuire: "I knelt by him and said, 'I hope you are not badly hurt, general?' He replied very calmly, but

feebly, 'I am badly injured, doctor; I fear I am dying.' . . .

"After reaching the hospital he was placed in bed, covered with blankets, and a drink of whiskey and water given him. Two hours and a half elapsed before sufficient action took place to warrant an examination.

"At two o'clock Sunday morning, Surgeons Black, Walls and Coleman being present, I informed him that chloroform would be given him, and his wounds examined. I told him that amputation would probably be required, and asked, if it was found necessary, whether it should be done at once. He replied promptly, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best.' . . . The round ball . . . which had lodged under the skin, upon the back of the right hand, was first extracted. It had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and fractured two bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder. . . . Throughout the whole of the operation, and until all the dressings were applied, he continued insensible. . . .

"The next morning he was free from pain, and expressed himself sanguine of recovery. He sent his aide-de-camp, Morrison, to inform his wife of his injuries, and to bring her at once to him. The following note from General Lee was read to him that morning by Lieutenant Smith: 'I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have di-

rected events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.' He replied, 'General Lee should give the praise to God.' About ten o'clock his right side began to pain him so much that he asked me to examine it. He said he had injured it in falling from the litter the night before, and believed he had struck it against a stump or a stone or a sapling. No evidence of injury could be discovered by examination; the skin was not broken or bruised, and the lung performed, so far as I could tell, its proper function. Some simple application was recommended in the belief that the pain would soon disappear.

"At this time the battle was raging fearfully, and the sound of the cannon and musketry could be distinctly heard at the hospital. The general's attention was attracted to it from the first, and when the noise was at its height, and indicated how fiercely the conflict was being carried on, he directed all of his attendants, except Lieutenant Smith to return to the battlefield, and attend to their different duties. By eight o'clock, Sunday night, the pain in his side had disappeared, and in all respects he seemed to be doing well. He inquired minutely about the battle and the different troops engaged, and his face would light up with enthusiasm and interest when told how this brigade acted, or that officer displayed conspicuous courage, and his head gave the peculiar shake from side to side, and he uttered his usual 'Good, good!' with unwonted

energy when the gallant behavior of the Stonewall Brigade was alluded to. He said: 'The men of the brigade will be, some day, proud to say to their children, "I was one of the Stonewall Brigade." ' He disclaimed any right of his own to the name Stonewall. 'It belongs to the brigade, and not to me, for it was their steadfast heroism which earned it at First Manassas. They are a noble body of men.' This night he slept well, and was free from pain. A message was received from General Lee the next morning, directing me to remove the general to Guiney's Station as soon as his condition should justify it, as there was danger of capture by the Federals, who were threatening to cross Ely's Ford. In the meantime, to protect the hospital, some troops were sent to this point. The general objected to being moved, if, in my opinion, it would do him any injury. He said he had no objection to staying in the tent, and would prefer it, if his wife, when she came, could find lodging in a neighboring house. 'And if the enemy does come,' he added, 'I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me.' General Lee sent word again, late that evening, that he must be moved, if possible, and preparations were made to leave the next morning. I was directed to accompany and remain with him, and my duties with the corps, as medical director, were turned over to the surgeon next in rank. . . . Very early Tuesday morning he was placed in the ambulance, and started for Guiney's Sta-

tion, and about eight o'clock that evening we arrived at the Chandler House, where we remained till he died." . . .

Shortly after the general's fall, and before his situation had grown so critical, General Lee sent him, by a friend, the following message: "Give him my affectionate regards, and tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm." . . .

In order to stimulate his fast-failing powers, he was offered some brandy and water, but he showed great repugnance to it, saying excitedly, "It tastes like fire, and cannot do me any good." Early on Sunday morning, the 10th of May, I was called out of the sick-room by Dr. Morrison, who told me that the doctors, having done everything that human skill could devise to stay the hand of death, had lost all hope, and that my precious, brave, noble husband could not live! Indeed, life was fast ebbing away, and they felt that they must prepare me for the inevitable event, which was now a question of only a few short hours. . . . When I told him the doctors thought he would soon be in heaven, he did not seem to comprehend it, and showed no surprise or concern. But upon repeating it, and asking him if he was willing for God to do with him according to His own will, he looked at me calmly and intelligently, and said, "Yes, I prefer it, I prefer it." I then told him that before that day was over he would be with the blessed

Saviour in His glory. With perfect distinctness and intelligence, he said, "I will be an infinite gainer to be translated." I then asked him if it was his wish that I should return, with our infant, to my father's home in North Carolina. He answered, "Yes, you have a kind, good father; but no one is so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." He said he had many things to say to me, but he was then too weak. Preferring to know his own desire as to the place of his burial, I asked him the question, but his mind was now growing clouded again, and at first he replied, "Charlotte," and afterwards "Charlottesville." I then asked him if he did not wish to be buried in Lexington, and he answered at once, "Yes, Lexington, and in my own plot." He had bought this plot himself, when our first child died, as a burial place for his family. . . . Tears were shed over that dying bed by strong men who were unused to weep, and it was touching to see the genuine grief of his servant, Jim, who nursed him faithfully to the end.

He now sank rapidly into unconsciousness, murmuring disconnected words occasionally, but all at once he spoke out very cheerfully and distinctly the beautiful sentence which has become immortal as his last: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG

By La Salle Corbell (Mrs. George E.) Pickett

SPECIAL interest attaches to this account of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, in that its author was the wife of the Confederate commander who led the heroic but unsuccessful assault on Cemetery Ridge, July 3, 1863, the third and last day of the most important and hotly contested battle of the Civil War. It marked the turning point.

Lee had ordered Longstreet to send Pickett's division of 5,000 Confederates against the Federal center, as the climax of a terrific artillery duel between the Confederates, with 150 guns, attacking the Federals, with about 70 guns, on Cemetery Ridge. In order to save ammunition, in anticipation of the attack, the Federals stopped firing, thereby deceiving the enemy as to their ammunition supply. In the magnificent charge that followed, two-thirds of Pickett's men were killed, wounded or captured. This spirited account is from "Pickett and His Men," by permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.

PICKETT'S division—reserved for the last great scene in the tragedy of Gettysburg—had not yet entered the circle of fire which environed the mountains, filled the valleys with death, and turned the silvery streams into rivers of blood.

Until the night of July 1 the three brigades under Pickett's command, Corse and Jenkins having been left behind, remained on guard at Chambersburg. Being then relieved by Imboden, at two o'clock on the morning of the 2d, they were under marching orders and moving along the Gettysburg road. In the pass of the South Mountain a fire flashed upon them from sharpshooters stationed in the gorges of the crags.

On the east side of the range the air trembled with the battle-rage of Gettysburg. The ardor of the men kindled into flame, and with eager, impatient feet they pressed forward to answer the call. Through the intense heat of one of the most fiery days with which July ever scorched the earth Pickett's men marched twenty-four miles and at two o'clock in the afternoon halted three miles from Gettysburg. . . .

As early as three o'clock on the morning of the 3d of July Pickett's division was under arms and moving to the right and southeast of the Cashtown and Gettysburg road. Line of battle was formed facing Cemetery Ridge, Kemper's brigade on the right, Garnett's on the left, and Armistead immediately in rear of Kemper and Garnett, there not being room for all in extended line of battle. . . .

Pickett's three brigades were to attack in front where there was a bristling hedge of artillery and infantry. Heth's and Pender's divisions, under Pettigrew and Trimble, their leaders having been wounded the day before, were to charge in second and third lines of battle, supporting Pickett's advance. As Heth's division passed on it was to be joined by Wilcox's brigade, then about two hundred yards in front. Anderson was behind the two supporting divisions ready to take Trimble's place when he should leave it.

Pickett rode up to Longstreet for orders. The latter seemed greatly depressed and said:

"I do not want to have your men sacrificed, Pickett, so I have sent a note to Alexander, telling him to

watch carefully the effect of our fire upon the enemy, and that when it begins to tell he must take the responsibility and notify you himself when to make the attack. He has been directed to charge with you at the head of your line with a battery of nine eleven-pound howitzers, fresh horses and full caissons."

Just as Longstreet finished this statement a courier rode up and handed Pickett a note from Alexander, which read:

If you are coming, come at once or I cannot give you proper support, but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all. At least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself.

After Pickett had read the note he handed it to Longstreet.

"General Longstreet, shall I go forward?" he asked.

Longstreet looked at him with an expression which seldom comes to any face. In that solemn silence memories of the long friendship may have flooded his soul. Possibly there came to his thought the time away back in history when he had fallen on the stormy slope of Chapultepec, and the boy lieutenant had taken his place and borne the battle-flag in triumph to the flame-crowned height. He held out his hand and bowed his head in assent. Not a word did he speak.

"Then I shall lead my division forward, sir," said Pickett, and galloped off.

He had gone only a few yards when he came back and took a letter from his pocket. On it he wrote

in pencil, "If Old Peter's nod means death, good-by, and God bless you, little one!" He gave the letter to Longstreet and rode back. That letter reached its destination in safety and, with its faint penciled words, is now one of my most treasured possessions. It was transmitted with one from Longstreet:

Gettysburg, Penn., July 3d.

My Dear Lady: General Pickett has just intrusted to me the safe conveyance of the inclosed letter. If it should turn out to be his farewell the penciled note on the outside will show you that I could not speak the words which would send so gallant a soldier into the jaws of a useless death. As I watched him, gallant and fearless as any knight of old, riding to certain doom, I said a prayer for his safety and made a vow to the Holy Father that my friendship for him, poor as it is, should be your heritance. We shall meet. I am, dear lady, with great respect,

Yours to command,

JAMES LONGSTREET.

Pickett gave orders to his brigade commanders and rode along down the line, his men springing to their feet with a shout of delight as he told them what was expected of them.

He was sitting on his horse when Wilcox rode up. Taking a flask from his pocket, Wilcox said:

"Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you'll be in hell or glory."

Pickett declined to drink, saying:

"I promised the little girl who is waiting and praying for me down in Virginia that I would keep fresh upon my lips until we should meet again the breath of the violets she gave me when we parted. Whatever my fate, Wilcox, I shall try to do my duty like a man, and I hope that, by that little girl's prayers, I shall to-day reach either defeat or glory."

At a quarter past three on that bright afternoon the order "Forward!" rang along the lines. The supreme moment had come. As far as the eye could reach, up and down on each side, the gaze of thousands of men of both armies was riveted on a long line of soldiers moving with all the precision of a grand review. The five thousand Virginians had begun their march to death.

Longstreet joined Alexander, and they stood together by the batteries when that magnificent column went by, the officers saluting as they passed.

Pickett led, mounted on his spirited charger, gallant and graceful as a knight of chivalry riding to a tournament. His long dark, auburn-tinted hair floated backward in the wind like a soft veil as he went on down the slope of death.

Then came Trimble, riding lightly as he might have ridden in the golden glow through the rose-scented air of some brilliant festal morning.

It was no holiday work to which they went as they gracefully saluted in passing their commanding gen-

eral, who acknowledged it in silent sadness. *"Morituri, salutamus!"*

So they filed by, and went down into the heavy sea of smoke which hid them from view. As it lifted they were seen moving in solid ranks with steady step and with the harmonious rhythm of some grand symphony. The sun caught the gleam of their guns and flashed it back in myriads of sparkling rays. Behind them was a wall of light against which their dark forms were outlined in distinct silhouette.

Pickett's Virginians were less than five thousand, but every one was a soldier in the fullest sense of the word. As they pressed onward in majestic order over the plain, like a moving wall of granite, the battle-flag of the South waved over them, its stars shining as if in promise of victory.

Garnett was on the right; Armistead center. Garnett had been ill for many days, traveling in the ambulance, but no persuasion could keep him from the post of danger. Too weak to mount his horse, he had insisted upon being placed in the saddle that he might lead his brigade in the charge.

The battle-smoke drifted away over the hills and into the clouds, where it arched itself above the field as if it would even yet spread a protecting mantle around those devoted men. The long Federal array with its double line of supports was revealed to view. As the advancing column came in sight Meade's guns opened upon it, but it neither paused nor faltered. Round shot, bounding along, tore through its ranks

and ricochetted around it. Shells exploded, darting flashes before—behind—overhead.

A long line of skirmishers, prostrate on the grass, suddenly arose within fifty yards, firing at them as they came within view, then running on ahead, turning and firing back as fast as they could reload. The column took no heed of them, but moved on at a quickstep, not returning their fire.

Past the batteries and half-way over the field, amidst a terrific fire of shot and shell, Pickett gave the order, "Left oblique!" Coolly and beautifully the movement was made, changing the direction forty-five degrees from the front to the left.

From Cemetery Hill burst the fire of forty cannon against the right flank. Pickett's men fell like grain before the sweep of the scythe. There was no pause. The survivors pressed on with a force which seemed to have grown stronger with the concentration of all the lives which had been freed from the fallen brave.

Presently came the command, "Front forward!" and the column resumed its direction, straight down upon the center of the enemy's position—on, on it moved with iron nerve.

One hundred Federal guns now concentrated their whole fury of shot and shell upon the advancing line. Every inch of air seemed to be filled with some death-dealing missile. The men and officers were fast being slaughtered. Kemper went down, mangled and bleeding, never again to lead his valiant Virginians in battle.

Up and down the line of his brigade rode Garnett, calling out in his strong voice:

"Faster, men, faster! Close up and step out, but don't double-quick!"

A long blue line of infantry arose from behind the stone fence, and as the column advanced poured into it a heavy fire of musketry. At once a scattering fire was opened all along the line, when Garnett galloped up and called out: "Cease firing! Save your strength and ammunition!" Under such perfect discipline were these veterans that without slackening their pace they reloaded their guns, shouldered arms, and went on at a quickstep.

The artillery made an effort to support the assault, but the ammunition was almost exhausted. The light pieces which were to have guarded the infantry had been removed to some other part of the field, and none could be found to take their place.

Pettigrew was trying to reach the post of death and honor, but he was far away, and valor could not quite annihilate space. His troops had suffered severely in the battle of the day before and their commander, Heth, had been wounded. They were now led by an officer ardent and brave, but to them unknown.

The four brigades of Archer, Pettigrew, Davis and Brockenbrough deployed from right to left on a single line, a line of battle very difficult to maintain. The left lagged a little; the right, following the gallant Trimble, made heroic efforts to join Pickett whose

oblique movement had brought him nearer. Scales and Lane followed Pettigrew.

Dauntlessly Pickett's men pressed forward, the grandest column of heroes that ever made a battle-field glorious. They reached the post-and-rail fence, upon the other side of which, and parallel to it, an ordinary dirt road ran straight through the field across which they were advancing. The fence was but a momentary obstruction. It was but the work of a few seconds to climb over it and into the road, while a hundred blazing cannon poured death-dealing missiles into their devoted ranks. Now and here was given to the world the grandest exhibition of discipline and endurance, of coolness and courage under a withering fire, ever recorded in military history; a scene which has made the story of Pickett's charge the glory of American arms. There in the road, with the deafening explosion of unnumbered shells filling the air, their ranks plowed through and through again and again by the fiery hail which the batteries from the heights beyond were pouring into them, amid all this terrific roar and the not less disconcerting cries of the wounded and dying, they heard the command of their company officers: "Halt, men! Form line! Fall in! Right dress!"

Imagine, if you can, these heroes reforming and aligning their ranks while their comrades dropped in death-agony about them, the shells bursting above their heads, and an iron storm beating them to the earth. Yet the line was formed, and coolly they

awaited the command, "Forward!" At last it came: "Forward! Quick march!" With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade-ground instead of the bloodiest of battle-fields, Pickett's division took up its death-march, each man with "the red badge of courage" pinned over his heart. The like was never seen before, and the change in military tactics will prevent its ever being seen again.

Friend and foe looked on in wondering awe. A thrill of admiration held the waiting enemy silent and motionless as they watched this grand and unsurpassable display of Virginia's valor.

As they advanced toward Cemetery Hill there was seen in the open field to the right a long, dark line of men, half a mile distant and at right angles with their line. They were coming at double-quick upon that unprotected right flank, their muskets at right shoulder shift, their banners fluttering in the breeze, their burnished bayonets glistening in the sun. The enemy were strengthening their position, hurrying up reserves from right to left and from opposite directions doubling along the Confederate front.

A heavy rain of shell and shrapnel poured down from the height. In the fiery storm the thin ranks became yet thinner. Not an instant's disorder prevailed, but under the withering fire they marched steadily forward.

"Faster, men, faster! We are almost there!" cried Garnett's clarion voice above the roar of battle. Then

he went down among the dead, with the faith of a little child in his hero heart.

There was a muffled tread of armed men from behind, then a rush of trampling feet, and Armistead's brigade from the rear closed up behind the front line. Their gallant leader, with his hat on the point of his sword, took Garnett's place. The division was now four ranks deep. As often as the iron storm made gaps through it the cheer would come from private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant and captain alike: "Close up! Close up!" and "Forward!" The lines shortened, but never wavered, never halted. Closer and closer they drew to the foe till there remained only a bleeding remnant.

Now they broke forward into a double-quick, while canister and grape whirred and whizzed through the air. On, on, they rushed toward the stone wall where the Federal batteries were pouring forth their deadly missiles. A hundred yards away a flanking force came down on a run, halted suddenly, and fired into the line a deadly storm of musketry. Under this cross-fire they reeled and staggered between falling comrades and the right came pressing down upon the center, making the line at this point twenty to thirty deep. A few, unable to resist temptation, without orders, faced the enemy on their right, though the latter were sixty to one. The fighting was terrific. Muskets seemed to cross. Men fired to the right and to the front. The fighting was hand-to-hand. The firing was into the enemy's faces.

The Federals in front fell behind their guns to let them belch their grape and canister into the oncoming ranks, piling up the dead and wounded almost in touch of them. When within a few feet of the stone wall the artillery delivered their last fire from the guns shotted to the muzzle.

The division was now in the shape of an inverted V with the point flattened. On it swept over the ground covered with the dead and dying.

Armistead, sword in hand, sprang over the stone wall, crying:

"Come on, boys, come on! We'll give them the cold steel! Come on! Who will follow me? Who will follow me?"

He reached the battery, his hand touched one of Cushing's guns. Then he and Cushing fell together, and a crimson river washed the base of the copse of trees which marked the high tide of the Confederacy.

Victory was within their grasp. Alas, where were the promised supports? Worn and exhausted by the tension of the bloody fighting of the day before, in which they had suffered terribly, their leaders dead or wounded, they had crumbled away under the deadly hail of the artillery fire.

Back from the flaming crest fell only a remnant of the division which had performed such deeds of valor as made the whole world wonder. The flags which had floated over Cemetery Hill, lay on the ground among the prostrate forms of the men who had so bravely borne them to the very verge of victory. . . .

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

By General U. S. Grant

GENERAL SHERMAN, who coöperated with Grant in conducting the siege of Vicksburg, which the Confederate General, Pemberton, surrendered to the Union Army, July 4, 1863, pronounced the series of operations which resulted in the capture of the Mississippi stronghold, "one of the greatest campaigns in history." It was a much-needed and timely Federal victory, the year 1862 having been one of Union disasters, and, coinciding with the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, marked the turning point of the Civil War.

In his Memoirs, published by the Century Company, General Grant thus recounts the victorious conclusion of the campaign. His army numbered 50,000. Twelve miles of Union trenches were mounted with 220 guns, and the capitulation followed a twelve-day bombardment from land forces and gunboats. 29,391 Confederate officers and men were paroled; 790 refused paroles. The garrison was reduced to the verge of starvation.

I NOW determined upon a regular siege —to "outcamp the enemy," as it were, and to incur no more losses. The experience of the 22d convinced officers and men that this was best, and they went to work on the defenses and approaches with a will. With the navy holding the river, the investment of Vicksburg was complete. As long as we could hold our position the enemy was limited in supplies of food, men and munitions of war to what they had on hand. These could not last always.

The crossing of troops at Bruinsburg commenced April 30th. On the 18th of May the army was in rear of Vicksburg. On the 19th, just twenty days after the crossing, the city was completely in-

vested and an assault had been made; five distinct battles (besides continuous skirmishing) had been fought and won by the Union forces; the capital of the State had fallen, and its arsenals, military manufactories, and everything useful for military purposes had been destroyed; an average of about one hundred and eighty miles had been marched by the troops engaged; but five days' rations had been issued, and no forage; over six thousand prisoners had been captured, and as many more of the enemy had been killed or wounded; twenty-seven heavy cannon and sixty-one field-pieces had fallen into our hands; and four hundred miles of the river, from Vicksburg to Port Hudson, had become ours. . . .

After the unsuccessful assault of the 22d the work of the regular siege began. Sherman occupied the right starting from the river above Vicksburg, McPherson the center (McArthur's division now with him), and McClernand the left, holding the road south to Warrenton. Lauman's division arrived at this time and was placed on the extreme left of the line.

In the interval between the assaults of the 19th and 22d roads had been completed from the Yazoo River and Chickasaw Bayou, around the rear of the army, to enable us to bring up supplies of food and ammunition; ground had been selected and cleared on which the troops were to be encamped, and tents and cooking-utensils were brought up. The troops had been without these from the time of crossing the Mississippi up to this time. All was now ready for

the pick and spade. Prentiss and Hurlbut were ordered to send forward every man that could be spared. Cavalry especially was wanted to watch the fords along the Big Black, and to observe Johnston. I knew that Johnston was receiving reinforcements from Bragg, who was confronting Rosecrans in Tennessee. Vicksburg was so important to the enemy that I believed he would make the most strenuous efforts to raise the siege, even at the risk of losing ground elsewhere. . . .

The ground about Vicksburg is admirable for defense. On the north it is about two hundred feet above the Mississippi River at the highest point, and very much cut up by the washing rains; the ravines were grown up with cane and underbrush, while the sides and tops were covered with a dense forest. Farther south the ground flattens out somewhat, and was in cultivation. But here, too, it was cut up by ravines and small streams. The enemy's line of defense followed the crest of a ridge from the river north of the city eastward, then southerly around to the Jackson road, full three miles back of the city; thence in a southwesterly direction to the river. Deep ravines of the description given lay in front of these defenses. As there is a succession of gullies cut out by rains along the side of the ridge, the line was necessarily very irregular. To follow each of these spurs with intrenchments, so as to command the slopes on either side, would have lengthened their line very much. Generally, therefore, or in many

places, their line would run from near the head of one gully nearly straight to the head of another, and an outer work triangular in shape, generally open in the rear, was thrown up on the point; with a few men in this outer work they commanded the approaches to the main line completely.

The work to be done to make our position as strong against the enemy as his was against us was very great. The problem was also complicated by our wanting our line as near that of the enemy as possible. . . .

By the 1st of July our approaches had reached the enemy's ditch at a number of places. At ten points we could move under cover to within from five to one hundred yards of the enemy. Orders were given to make all preparations for assault on the 6th of July. The debouches were ordered widened to afford easy egress, while the approaches were also to be widened to admit the troops to pass through four abreast. Plank, and bags filled with cotton packed in tightly, were ordered prepared to enable the troops to cross the ditches.

On the night of the 1st of July Johnston was between Brownsville and the Big Black, and wrote Pemberton from there that about the 7th of the month an attempt would be made to create a diversion to enable him to cut his way out. Pemberton was a prisoner before this message reached him.

On July 1st, Pemberton, seeing no hope of outside relief, addressed the following letter to each of his four division commanders:

> Unless the siege of Vicksburg is raised or supplies are thrown in, it will become necessary very shortly to evacuate the place. I see no prospect of the former, and there are many great, if not insuperable, obstacles in the way of the latter. You are therefore requested to inform me, with as little delay as possible, as to the condition of your troops and their ability to make the marches and undergo the fatigues necessary to accomplish a successful evacuation.

Two of his generals suggested surrender, and the other two practically did the same. They expressed the opinion that an attempt to evacuate would fail. Pemberton had previously got a message to Johnston suggesting that he should try to negotiate with me for a release of the garrison with their arms. Johnston replied that it would be a confession of weakness for him to do so; but he authorized Pemberton to use his name in making such an arrangement.

On the 3d, about 10 o'clock A. M., white flags appeared on a portion of the rebel works. Hostilities along that part of the line ceased at once. Soon two persons were seen coming toward our lines bearing a white flag. They proved to be General Bowen, a division commander, and Colonel Montgomery, aide-de-camp to Pemberton, bearing the following letter to me:

> I have the honor to propose to you an armistice for —— hours with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number, to be named by yourself, at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you under flag of truce by Major-General John S. Bowen. . . .

At the appointed hour the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works and formed line in front, stacked arms, and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering. Logan's division, which had approached nearest the rebel works, was the first to march in; and the flag of one of the regiments of his division was soon floating over the court-house. Our soldiers were no sooner inside the lines than the two armies began to fraternize. Our men had had full rations from the time the siege commenced to the close. The enemy had been suffering, particularly toward the last. I myself saw our men taking bread from their haversacks and giving it to the enemy they had so recently been engaged in starving out. It was accepted with avidity and with thanks

Pemberton says in his report:

> If it should be asked why July 4th was selected as the day for the surrender, the answer is obvious. I believed that upon that day I should obtain better terms. Well aware of the vanity of our foes, I knew they would attach vast importance to the entrance on July 4th into the stronghold of the great river, and that, to gratify their national vanity, they would yield then what could not be extorted from them at any other time.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

By Brigadier-General George H. Thomas

IT was as commander of the left wing of the Union army at Chickamauga, Tennessee (September 19-20, 1863), that General Thomas, who made this official report to the War Department, displayed such courage and military genius as to save the Union army from overwhelming defeat, and earn for himself the title of "The Rock of Chickamauga." In this sanguinary engagement the Union and Confederate losses were about 34,000 in killed, wounded and missing, about equally divided. Opposing 55,000 Federal troops was a Confederate army of about 70,000. Though the battle was won by the Confederates, under General Bragg, the prize for which it was fought, the city of Chattanooga, remained in possession of the Federals, under Rosecrans.

This account begins on September 18, and pictures the eventful September 20, when the Federals were routed, leaving Thomas to stand firm against tremendous odds, before retiring under cover of darkness.

AT 4 p. m. the whole corps moved to the left along Chickamauga Creek to Crawfish Spring. On arriving at that place received orders to march on the cross-road leading by Widow Glenn's house to the Chattanooga and La Fayette road, and take up a position near Kelly's farm, on the La Fayette road, connecting with Crittenden on my right at Gordon's Mills. The head of the column reached Kelly's farm about daylight on the 19th [September, 1863] Baird's division in front, and took up a position at the forks of the road, facing toward Reed's and Alexander's Bridges over the Chickamauga. Colonel Wilder, commanding the mounted brigade of Reynolds' division, informed me

that the enemy had crossed the Chickamauga in force at those two bridges the evening before and drove his brigade across the State road, or Chattanooga and La Fayette road, to the heights east of Widow Glenn's house.

Kelly's house is situated in an opening about three-fourths of a mile long and one-fourth of a mile wide, on the east side of the State road, and stretches along that road in a northerly direction, with a small field of perhaps 20 acres on the west side of the road, directly opposite to the house. From thence to the Chickamauga the surface of the country is undulating and covered with original forest timber, interspersed with undergrowth, in many places so dense that it is difficult to see 50 paces ahead. There is a cleared field near Jay's Mill, and cleared land in the vicinity of Reed's and Alexander's Bridges. A narrow field commences at a point about a fourth of a mile south of Kelly's house, on the east side of the State road, and extends, perhaps, for half a mile along the road toward Gordon's Mills. Between the State road and the foot of Missionary Ridge there is a skirt of timber stretching from the vicinity of Widow Glenn's house, south of the forks of the road to McDonald's house, three-fourths of a mile north of Kelly's. The eastern slope of the Missionary Ridge, between Glenn's and McDonald's, is cleared and mostly under cultivation. This position of Baird's threw my right in close proximity to Wilder's brigade; the interval I intended to fill up with the two remaining brigades

of Reynolds' division on their arrival. General Brannan, closely following Baird's division, was placed in position on his left, on the two roads leading from the State road to Reed's and Alexander's Bridges.

Colonel Dan. McCook, commanding a brigade of the Reserve Corps, met me at General Baird's headquarters, and reported to me that he had been stationed the previous night on the road leading to Reed's Bridge, and that he could discover no force of the enemy except one brigade, which had crossed to the west side of the Chickamauga at Reed's Bridge the day before; and he believed it could be cut off, because, after it had crossed, he had destroyed the bridge, the enemy having retired toward Alexander's Bridge. Upon this information I directed General Brannan to post a brigade, within supporting distance of Baird, on the road to Alexander's Bridge, and with his other two brigades to reconnoiter the road leading to Reed's Bridge to see if he could locate the brigade reported by Colonel McCook, and, if a favorable opportunity occurred, to capture it. His dispositions were made according to instructions by 9 a. m.

General Baird was directed to throw forward his right wing, so as to get more nearly in line with Brannan, but to watch well on his right flank. Soon after this disposition of those two divisions, a portion of Palmer's division, of Crittenden's corps, took position to the right of General Baird's division. About

10 o'clock Croxton's brigade of Brannan's division, posted on the road leading to Alexander's Bridge, became engaged with the enemy, and I rode forward to his position to ascertain the character of the attack. Colonel Croxton reported to me that he had driven the enemy nearly half a mile, but that he was then meeting with obstinate resistance. I then rode back to Baird's position, and directed him to advance to Croxton's support, which he did with his whole division, Starkweather's brigade in reserve, and drove the enemy steadily before him for some distance, taking many prisoners. Croxton's brigade, which had been heavily engaged for over an hour with greatly superior numbers of the enemy, and being nearly exhausted of ammunition, was then moved to the rear to enable the men to fill up their boxes; and Baird and Brannan, having united their forces, drove the enemy from their immediate front. General Baird then halted for the purpose of readjusting his line; and hearing from prisoners that the enemy were in heavy force on his immediate right, he threw back his right wing in order to be ready for an attack from that quarter.

Before his dispositions could be completed, the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, furiously assaulted Scribner's and King's brigades, and drove them in disorder. Fortunately, at this time Johnson's division, of McCook's corps, and Reynolds' division, of my corps, arrived, and were immediately placed in position. Johnson preceded Reynolds, his left con-

necting with Baird's right, and Palmer being immediately on Johnson's right, Reynolds was placed on the right of Palmer, with one brigade of his division in reserve. As soon as formed they advanced upon the enemy, attacking him in flank and driving him in great disorder for a mile and a half, while Brannan's troops met him in front as he was pursuing Baird's retiring brigades, driving the head of his column back and retaking the artillery, which had been temporarily lost by Baird's brigades, the Ninth Ohio recovering Battery H, Fifth U. S. Artillery, at the point of the bayonet. The enemy, at this time being hardly pressed by Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds in flank, fell back in confusion upon his reserves, posted in a strong position on the west side of Chickamauga Creek between Reed's and Alexander's Bridges.

Brannan and Baird were then ordered to reorganize their commands and take position on commanding ground on the road from McDonald's to Reed's Bridge, and hold it to the last extremity, as I expected the next effort of the enemy would be to gain that road and our rear. This was about 2 p. m. After a lull of about one hour, a furious attack was made upon Reynolds' right, and he having called upon me for re-enforcements, I directed Brannan's division to move to his support, leaving King's brigade, of Baird's division, to hold the position at which Baird and Brannan had been posted, the balance of Baird's division closing up to the right on Johnson's division. . . .

Before adjusting the line satisfactorily, I received an order to report to department headquarters immediately, and was absent from my command until near midnight. After my return from department headquarters, about 2 a. m. on the 20th, I received a report from General Baird that the left of his division did not rest on the Reed's Bridge road, as I had intended, and that he could not reach it without weakening his line too much. I immediately addressed a note to the general commanding requesting that General Negley be sent me to take position on Baird's left and rear, and thus secure our left from assault. During the night the troops threw up temporary breastworks of logs, and prepared for the encounter which all anticipated would come off the next day.

Although informed by note, from General Rosecrans' headquarters, that Negley's division would be sent immediately to take post on my left, it had not arrived at 7 a. m. on the 20th, and I sent Captain Willard, of my staff, to General Negley to urge him forward as rapidly as possible, and to point out his position to him. General Negley, in his official report, mentions that he received this order through Captain Willard at 8 a. m. on the 20th, and that he immediately commenced withdrawing his division for that purpose, when the enemy was reported to be massing a heavy force in his front, sharply engaging his skirmishers, and that he was directed by General Rosencrans to hold his position until relieved by some other command. General Beatty's brigade, however,

was sent under the guidance of Captain Willard, who took it to its position, and it went into action immediately. The enemy at that time commenced a furious assault on Baird's left, and partially succeeded in gaining his rear. . . .

To prevent a repetition of this attack of the enemy on our left I directed Captain Gaw, chief topographical officer on my staff, to go to the commanding officer of the troops on the left and rear of Baird, and direct him to mass as much artillery on the slopes of Missionary Ridge, west of the State road, as he could conveniently spare from his lines, supported strongly by infantry, so as to sweep the ground to the left and rear of Baird's position. . . .

General Wood barely had time to dispose his troops on the left of Brannan before another of those fierce assaults, similar to those made in the morning on my lines, was made on him and Brannan combined, and kept up by the enemy throwing in fresh troops as fast as those in their front were driven back, until near nightfall. About the time that Wood took up his position, General Gordon Granger appeared on my left flank at the head of Steedman's division of his corps. I immediately dispatched a staff officer, Captain Johnson, Second Indiana Cavalry, of Negley's division, to him with orders to push forward and take position on Brannan's right, which order was complied with with the greatest promptness and alacrity. Steedman, moving his division into position with almost as much precision as if on drill, and fighting his

way to the crest of the hill on Brannan's right, moved forward his artillery and drove the enemy down the southern slope, inflicting on him a most terrible loss in killed and wounded. This opportune arrival of fresh troops revived the flagging spirits of our men on the right, and inspired them with new ardor for the contest. Every assault of the enemy from that time until nightfall was repulsed in the most gallant style by the whole line.

By this time the ammunition in the boxes of the men was reduced, on an average, to 2 or 3 rounds per man, and my ammunition trains having been unfortunately ordered to the rear by some unauthorized person, we should have been entirely without ammunition in a very short time had not a small supply come up with General Steedman's command. This, being distributed among the troops, gave them about 10 rounds per man.

General Garfield, chief of staff of General Rosecrans, reached this position about 4 p. m., in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Thruston, of McCook's staff, and Captains Gaw and Barker, of my staff, who had been sent to the rear to bring back the ammunition, if possible. General Garfield gave me the first reliable information that the right and center of our army had been driven, and of its condition at that time. I soon after received a dispatch from General Rosecrans, directing me to assume command of all the forces, and, with Crittenden and McCook, take a strong position and assume a threatening attitude

at Rossville, sending the unorganized forces to Chattanooga for reorganization, stating that he would examine the ground at Chattanooga, and then join me; also that he had sent out rations and ammunition to meet me at Rossville.

I determined to hold the position until nightfall, if possible, in the meantime sending Captains Barker and Kellogg to distribute the ammunition, Major Lawrence, my chief of artillery, having been previously sent to notify the different commanders that ammunition would be supplied them shortly. As soon as they reported the distribution of the ammunition, I directed Captain Willard to inform the division commanders to prepare to withdraw their commands as soon as they received orders. At 5.30 p.m. Captain Barker, commanding my escort, was sent to notify General Reynolds to commence the movement, and I left the position behind General Wood's command to meet Reynolds and point out to him the position where I wished him to form line to cover the retirement of the other troops on the left.

In passing through an open woods bordering the State road, and between my last and Reynolds' position, I was cautioned by a couple of soldiers, who had been to hunt water, that there was a large force of the rebels in these woods, drawn up in line and advancing toward me. Just at this time I saw the head of Reynolds' column approaching, and calling to the general himself, directed him to form line perpendicular to the State road, changing the head of his column

to the left, with his right resting on that road, and to charge the enemy, who were then in his immediate front. This movement was made with the utmost promptitude, and facing to the right while on the march, Turchin threw his brigade upon the rebel force, routing them and driving them in utter confusion entirely beyond Baird's left. In this splendid advance more than 200 prisoners were captured and sent to the rear. . . . I then proceeded to Rossville, accompanied by Generals Garfield and Gordon Granger, and immediately prepared to place the troops in position at that point. One brigade of Negley's division was posted in the gap, on the Ringgold road, and two brigades on the top of the ridge to the right of the road, adjoining the brigade in the road; Reynolds' division on the right of Negley's and reaching to the Dry Valley road; Brannan's division in the rear of Reynolds' right, as a reserve; McCook's corps on the right of the Dry Valley road, and stretching toward the west, his right reaching nearly to Chattanooga Creek; Crittenden's entire corps was posted on the heights to the left of the Ringgold road, with Steedman's division of Granger's corps in reserve behind his left; Baird's division in reserve, and in supporting distance of the brigade in the gap; McCook's brigade of Granger's corps was also posted as a reserve to the brigade of Negley on the top of the ridge, to the right of the road; Minty's brigade of cavalry was on the Ringgold road, about a mile and a half in advance of the gap.

About 10 a. m. of the 21st, receiving a message from Minty that the enemy were advancing on him with a strong force of cavalry and infantry, I directed him to retire through the gap and post his command on our left flank, and throw out strong reconnoitering parties across the ridge to observe and report any movements of the enemy on our left front. From information received from citizens, I was convinced that the position was untenable in the face of the odds we had opposed to us, as the enemy could easily concentrate upon our right flank, which, if driven, would expose our center and left to be entirely cut off from our communications. I therefore advised the commanding general to concentrate the troops at Chattanooga. About the time I made the suggestion to withdraw, the enemy made a demonstration on the direct road, but were soon repulsed. In anticipation of this order to concentrate at Chattanoga, I sent for the corps commanders, and gave such general instructions as would enable them to prepare their commands for making the movement without confusion. All wagons, ambulances, and surplus artillery carriages were sent to the rear before night.

The order for the withdrawal being received about 6 p. m. the movement commenced at 9 p. m., in the following order: Strong skirmish lines, under the direction of judicious officers, were thrown out to the front of each division to cover this movement, with directions to retire at daylight, deployed and in supporting distance, the whole to be supported by

the First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, under the superintendence of Major-General Rousseau, assisted by Minty's brigade of cavalry, which was to follow after the skirmishers. Crittenden's corps was to move from the hill to the left of the road at 9 p. m., followed by Steedman's division. Next Negley's division was to withdraw at 10 p. m.; then Reynolds, McCook's corps, by divisions from left to right, moving within supporting distance one after the other; Brannan's division was posted at 6 p. m. on the road about half way between Rossville and Chattanooga to cover the movement. The troops were withdrawn in a quiet, orderly manner, without the loss of a single man, and by 7 a. m. on the 22d were in their positions in front of Chattanooga, which had been assigned to them previous to their arrival, and which they now occupy, covered by strong intrenchments thrown up on the day of our arrival, and strengthened from day to day until they were considered sufficiently strong for all defensive purposes.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE

By Brigadier-General George H. Thomas

THOMAS, one of the most modest as well as capable generals of the Civil War, had been appointed, in 1862, to supersede Buell as commander of the Federal Army of the Cumberland, but preferred to remain in a subordinate position. After the Battle of Chickamauga, however, he succeeded Rosecrans, and commanded the main body of the Federal army at the Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, November 23-25, 1863.

His official report of the famous "battle above the clouds," from which this account is taken, reviews only the operations of his own army; but it was the dominant factor in the victory. Credit for the plan of this campaign belongs to Grant, who, on October 23, had assumed command of Federal military operations in the West. Subsequently Thomas defeated Hood at the Battle of Nashville (December 15-16, 1864), for which he was appointed a major-general and voted the thanks of Congress.

AS soon as communications with Bridgeport had been made secure, and the question of supplying the army at this point rendered certain, preparations were at once commenced for driving the enemy from his position in our immediate front on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. . . .

. . . Major-General Sherman, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, having been ordered with the Fifteenth Corps to this point to participate in the operations against the enemy, reached Bridgeport with two divisions on the 15th [November]. He came to the front himself, and having examined the ground, expressed himself confident of

his ability to execute his share of the work. The plan of operations was then written out substantially as follows: Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, strengthened with one division from my command, was to effect a crossing of the Tennessee River just below the mouth of the South Chickamauga, on Saturday, November 21, at daylight; his crossing to be protected by artillery planted on the heights on the north bank of the river. After crossing his force, he was to carry the heights of Missionary Ridge from their northern extremity to about the railroad tunnel before the enemy could concentrate a force against him. I was to co-operate with Sherman by concentrating my troops in Chattanooga Valley, on my left flank. . . . I was then to effect a junction with Sherman, making my advance from the left, well toward the north end of Mission Ridge, and moving as near simultaneously with Sherman as possible. . . .

. . . In consequence of the bad condition of the roads General Sherman's troops were occupied all of Sunday in getting into position. In the meantime, the river having risen, both pontoon bridges were broken by rafts sent down the river by the enemy, cutting off Osterhaus' division from the balance of Sherman's troops. It was thought this would delay us another day, but during the night of the 22d, two deserters reported Bragg had fallen back, and that there was only a strong picket line in our front. Early on the morning of the 23d, I received a note from

Major-General Grant, directing me to ascertain by a demonstration the truth or falsity of this report.

Orders were accordingly given to General Granger, commanding the Fourth Corps, to form his troops and to advance directly in front of Fort Wood, and thus develop the strength of the enemy. General Palmer, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, was directed to support General Granger's right, with Baird's division refused and "en échelon." . . . The two divisions of Granger's corps (Sheridan's and Wood's) were formed in front of Fort Wood; Sheridan on the right, Wood on the left, with his left extending nearly to Citico Creek. The formation being completed about 2 p. m. the troops were advanced steadily and with rapidity directly to the front, driving before them first the rebel pickets, then their reserves, and falling upon their grand guards stationed in their first line of rifle-pits, captured something over 200 men, and secured themselves in their new positions before the enemy had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to attempt to send re-enforcements from his main camp. Orders were then given to General Granger to make his position secure by constructing temporary breastworks and throwing out strong pickets to his front. . . . The troops remained in that position for the night. The Tennessee River having risen considerably from the effect of the previous heavy rainstorm, it was found difficult to rebuild the pontoon bridge at Brown's Ferry. Therefore it was determined that General Hooker should take Osterhaus'

division, which was still in Lookout Valley, and Geary's division, Whitaker's and Grose's brigades, of the First Division, Fourth Corps, under Brigadier-General Cruft, and make a strong demonstration on the western slope of Lookout Mountain, for the purpose of attracting the enemy's attention in that direction and thus withdrawing him from Sherman while crossing the river at the mouth of the South Chickamauga.

General Hooker was instructed that in making this demonstration, if he discovered the position and strength of the enemy would justify him in attempting to carry the point of the mountain, to do so. By 4 a. m. on the morning of the 24th, General Hooker reported his troops in position and ready to advance.

Finding Lookout Creek so much swollen as to be impassable, he sent Geary's division, supported by Cruft's two brigades, to cross the creek at Wauhatchie, and work down on the right bank, while he employed the remainder of his force in constructing temporary bridges across the creek on the main road. The enemy, being attracted by the force on the road, did not observe the movements of Geary until his column was directly on their left and threatened their rear. Hooker's movements were facilitated by the heavy mist which overhung the mountain, enabling Geary to get into position without attracting attention.

Finding himself vigorously pushed by a strong column on his left and rear, the enemy began to fall

back with rapidity, but his resistance was obstinate, and the entire point of the mountain was not gained until about 2 p. m., when General Hooker reported by telegraph that he had carried the mountain as far as the road from Chattanooga Valley to the white house. Soon after, his main column coming up, his line was extended to the foot of the mountain, near the mouth of Chattanooga Creek. . . .

With the aid of the steamer "Dunbar," which had been put in condition and sent up the river at daylight of the 24th, General Sherman by 11 a. m. had crossed three divisions of the Fifteenth Corps, and was ready to advance. . . .

Howard's corps moved to the left about 9 a. m., and communicated with Sherman about noon. Instructions were sent to General Hooker to be ready to advance on the morning of the 25th from his position on the point of Lookout Mountain to the Summertown road, and endeavor to intercept the enemy's retreat, if he had not already withdrawn, which he was to ascertain by pushing a reconnaissance to the top of Lookout Mountain.

The reconnaissance was made as directed, and having ascertained that the enemy had evacuated during the night, General Hooker was then directed to move on the Rossville road with the troops under his command . . . carry the pass at Rossville, and operate upon the enemy's left and rear. Palmer's and Granger's troops were held in readiness to advance directly on the rifle-pits in their front as soon as

Hooker could get into position at Rossville. In retiring on the night of the 24th, the enemy had destroyed the bridges over Chattanooga Creek on the road leading from Lookout Mountain to Rossville, and, in consequence, General Hooker was delayed until after 2 p. m. in effecting the crossing. About noon, General Sherman becoming heavily engaged by the enemy, they having massed a strong force in his front, orders were given for General Baird to march his division within supporting distance of General Sherman. Moving his command promptly in the direction indicated, he was placed in position to the left of Wood's division of Granger's corps.

. . . The whole line then advanced against the breastworks, and soon became warmly engaged with the enemy's skirmishers; these, giving way, retired upon their reserves, posted within their works. Our troops advancing steadily in a continuous line, the enemy, seized with panic, abandoned the works at the foot of the hill and retreated precipitately to the crest, where they were closely followed by our troops, who, apparently inspired by the impulse of victory, carried the hill simultaneously at six different points, and so closely upon the heels of the enemy that many of them were taken prisoners in the trenches. We captured all their cannon and ammunition before they could be removed or destroyed.

After halting for a few moments to reorganize the troops, who had become somewhat scattered in the assault of the hill, General Sheridan pushed forward

in pursuit, and drove those in his front who escaped capture across Chickamauga Creek. Generals Wood and Baird, being obstinately resisted by re-enforcements from the enemy's extreme right, continued fighting until darkness set in, slowly but steadily driving the enemy before them. In moving upon Rossville, General Hooker encountered Stewart's division and other troops. Finding his left flank threatened, Stewart attempted to escape by retreating toward Graysville, but some of his force, finding their retreat threatened from that quarter, retired in disorder toward their right, along the crest of the ridge, when they were met by another portion of General Hooker's command, and were driven by these troops in the face of Johnson's division of Palmer's corps, by whom they were nearly all made prisoners.

. . . On the 26th, the enemy were pursued by Hooker's and Palmer's commands, surprising a portion of their rear guard near Graysville after nightfall, capturing three pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners. The pursuit was continued on the 27th. . . .

On the 28th, General Hooker was ordered by General Grant to remain at Ringgold until the 30th, and so employ his troops as to cover the movements of General Sherman, who had received orders to march his force to the relief of Burnside by way of Cleveland and Louden. Palmer's corps was detached from the force under General Hooker and returned to Chattanooga.

LEE AND GRANT IN THE WILDERNESS

By Charles Anderson Dana

DANA was an eye-witness of the battles between the Union and Confederate armies, commanded by Grant and Lee respectively, in what is known as the Wilderness campaign, culminating at Spottsylvania Court House, May 21, 1864. His "Recollections of the Civil War," published by D. Appleton & Company, from which this account is derived, is a record of his observations as Assistant Secretary of War, with headquarters in the field. He acted as personal representative of Lincoln and Stanton at the front, and was often in contact with Grant.

After the war, Dana found time, in addition to conducting the New York Sun, to edit several works, including a "Life of Grant," "Lincoln and His Cabinet," "Art of Newspaper Making," and an earlier popular "Household Book of Poetry." His literary judgments and perceptions were keen, and his own writing exhibited a mastery of English style.

MEADE was in command of the Army of the Potomac; but it was Grant, the lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States, who was really directing the movements. The central idea of the campaign had not developed to the army when I reached headquarters, but it was soon clear to everybody. Grant's great operation was the endeavor to interpose the Federal army between Lee's army and Richmond, so as to cut Lee off from his base of supplies. He meant to get considerably in advance of Lee—between him and Richmond—thus compelling Lee to leave his intrenchments and hasten southward. If in the collision thus forced Grant found that he could not smash Lee, he meant to make another move to get behind his army.

That was to be the strategy of the campaign of 1864. That was what Lee thwarted, though he had a narrow escape more than once.

The first encounter with Lee had taken place in the Wilderness on May 5th and 6th. The Confederates and many Northern writers love to call the Wilderness a drawn battle. It was not so; in every essential light it was a Union victory. Grant had not intended to fight a battle in those dense, brushy jungles, but Lee precipitated it just as he had precipitated the Battle of Chancellorsville one year before, and not six miles to the eastward of this very ground. In doing so he hoped to neutralize the superior numbers of Grant as he had Hooker's, and so to mystify and handle the Union leader as to compel a retreat across the Rapidan. But he failed. Some of the fighting in the brush was a draw, but the Union army did not yield a rood of ground; it held the roads southward, inflicted great losses on its enemy, and then, instead of recrossing the river, resumed its march toward Richmond as soon as Lee's attacks had ceased. Lee had palpably failed in his objects. His old-time tactics had made no impression on Grant. He never offered general battle in the open afterward.

The previous history of the Army of the Potomac had been to advance and fight a battle, then either to retreat or to lie still, and finally to go into winter quarters. Grant did not intend to proceed in that way. As soon as he had fought a battle and had not routed Lee, he meant to move nearer to Richmond and fight

another battle. But the men in the army had become so accustomed to the old methods of campaigning that few, if any, of them believed that the new commander-in-chief would be able to do differently from his predecessors. I remember distinctly the sensation in the ranks when the rumor first went around that our position was south of Lee's. It was the morning of May 8th. The night before the army had made a forced march on Spottyslvania Courthouse. There was no indication the next morning that Lee had moved in any direction. As the army began to realize that we were really moving south, and at that moment were probably much nearer Richmond than was our enemy, the spirits of men and officers rose to the highest pitch of animation. On every hand I heard the cry, "On to Richmond!"

But there were to be a great many more obstacles to our reaching Richmond than General Grant himself, I presume, realized on May 8, 1864. We met one that very morning; for when our advance reached Spottsylvania Courthouse it found Lee's troops there, ready to dispute the right of way with us, and two days later Grant was obliged to fight the battle of Spottsylvania before we could make another move south.

The battle had begun on the morning of May 10th, and had continued all day. On the 11th the armies had rested, but at half past four on the morning of the 12th fighting had been begun by an attack by Hancock on a rebel salient. Hancock attacked with

his accustomed impetuosity, storming and capturing the enemy's fortified line, with some four thousand prisoners and twenty cannon. The captures included nearly all of Major-General Edward Johnson's division, together with Johnson himself and General George H. Steuart.

It is not part of my plan to go into detailed description of all the battles of this campaign, but rather to dwell on the incidents and deeds which impressed me most deeply at the moment. In the Battle of Spottsylvania, a terrific struggle, with many dramatic features, there is nothing I remember more distinctly than a little scene in General Grant's tent between him and General Johnson. I was at Grant's headquarters when General Johnson was brought in a prisoner. He was a West Pointer and had been a captain in the old army before secession, and was an important officer in the Confederate service, having distinguished himself in the Valley in 1863, and at Gettysburg. Grant had not seen him since they had been in Mexico together. The two men shook hands cordially, and at once began a brisk conversation, which was very interesting to me, because nothing was said in it on the subject in which they were both most interested just then—that is, the fight that was going on, and the surprise that Hancock had effected. It was the past alone of which they talked.

It was quite early in the morning when Hancock's prisoners were brought in. The battle raged without cessation throughout the day, Wright and Hancock

bearing the brunt of it. Burnside made several attacks, in which his troops generally bore themselves like good soldiers. The results of the Battle of Spottsylvania were that we had crowded the enemy out of some of his most important positions, had weakened him by losses of between nine thousand and ten thousand men killed, wounded, and captured, besides many battle flags and much artillery, and that our troops rested victorious upon the ground they had fought for.

After the battle was over and firing had nearly ceased, Rawlins and I went out to ride over the field. We went first to the salient which Hancock had attacked in the morning. The two armies had struggled for hours for this point, and the loss had been so terrific that the place has always been known since as the "Bloody Angle." The ground around the salient had been trampled and cut in the struggle until it was almost impassable for one on horseback, so Rawlins and I dismounted and climbed up the bank over the outer line of the rude breastworks. Within we saw a fence over which earth evidently had been banked, but which now was bare and half down. It was here the fighting had been fiercest. We picked our way to this fence, and stopped to look over the scene. The night was coming on, and, after the horrible din of the day, the silence was intense; nothing broke it but distant and occasional firing or the low groans of the wounded. I remember that as I stood there I was almost startled to hear a bird twittering in

a tree. All around us the underbrush and trees, which were just beginning to be green, had been riddled and burnt. The ground was thick with dead and wounded men, among whom the relief corps was at work. The earth, which was soft from the heavy rains we had been having before and during the battle, had been trampled by the fighting of the thousands of men until it was soft, like thin hasty pudding. Over the fence against which I leaned lay a great pool of this mud, its surface as smooth as that of a pond.

As we stood there, looking silently down at it, of a sudden the leg of a man was lifted up from the pool and the mud dripped off his boot. It was so unexpected, so horrible, that for a moment we were stunned. Then we pulled ourselves together and called to some soldiers near by to rescue the owner of the leg. They pulled him out with but little trouble and discovered that he was not dead, only wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where he got well, I believe.

The first news which passed through the ranks the morning after the Battle of Spottsylvania was that Lee had abandoned his position during the night. Though our army was greatly fatigued from the enormous efforts of the day before, the news of Lee's departure inspired the men with fresh energy, and everybody was eager to be in pursuit. Our skirmishers soon found the enemy along the whole line, however, and the conclusion was that their retrograde movement had been made to correct their position

after the loss of the key points taken from them the day before, and that they were still with us in a new line as strong as the old one. Of course, we could not determine this point without a battle, and nothing was done that day to provoke one. It was necessary to rest the men.

In changing his lines Lee had left more uncovered the roads leading southward along his right wing, and Grant ordered Meade to throw the corps of Warren, which held the right, and the corps of Wright, which held the center of Meade's army, to the left of Burnside, leaving Hancock upon our right. If not interrupted, Grant thought by this maneuver to turn Lee's flank and compel him to move southward.

The movement of the two corps to our left was executed during the night of May 13th and 14th, but for three days it had rained steadily, and the roads were so bad that Wright and Warren did not get up to surprise the enemy at daylight as ordered. . . .

The two armies were then lying in a semicircle, the Federal left well around toward the south. We were concentrated to the last degree, and, so far as we could tell, Lee's forces were equally compact. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th, we lay in about the same position. This inactivity was caused by the weather. A pouring rain had begun on the 11th, and it continued until the morning of the 16th; the mud was so deep that any offensive operation, however successful, could not be followed up. There was nothing to do but lie still and wait for better weather and drier roads.

While waiting for the rain to stop, we had time to consider the field returns of losses as they were handed in. The army had left winter quarters at Culpepper Courthouse on May 4th, and on May 16th the total of killed, wounded, and missing in both the Army of the Potomac and the Ninth Corps amounted to a little over thirty-three thousand men. The missing alone amounted to forty-nine hundred, but some of these were, in fact, killed or wounded. When Grant looked over the returns, he expressed great regret at the loss of so many men. Meade, who was with him, remarked, as I remember, "Well, General, we can't do these little tricks without losses."

By the afternoon of May 17th the weather was splendid. . . . Grant determined to engage Lee, and orders for a decisive movement of the army were issued, to be executed during the night. At first he proposed an attack upon the enemy's right, but changed the plan. Instead of attacking there Hancock and Wright made a night march back to our right flank and attacked at daylight . . . but . . . both corps having artfully but unsuccessfully sought for a weak point where they might break through, Grant, at nine o'clock, ordered the attack to cease. The attempt was a failure. Lee was not to be ousted; and Grant, convinced of it, issued orders for another movement which he had in contemplation for several days, but which he did not wish to try till after a last attempt to get the enemy out of his stronghold. This was nothing less than to slip away from Lee and march on toward Richmond again.

THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA"

By Captain Raphael Semmes

SEMMES resigned from the United States Navy in 1861 and became the most famous and destructive commander in the Confederate Navy. As commander of the Alabama, *an English-built cruiser which the Confederacy bought and maintained as a commerce-destroyer, he is credited with capturing and sinking seventy vessels of the United States. The* Alabama *never entered an American port during the two years (1862-4) of her career, depending entirely upon captures and neutral ports for supplies and recruits.*

As stated in the accompanying report by Captain (later Admiral) Semmes to Samuel Barron, general European naval agent of the Confederacy, the Alabama *engaged the superior armed United States cruiser* Kearsarge *off the coast of Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1864, and was sunk. Semmes was picked up by the English yacht* Deerhound *and taken to Southampton, where he wrote this report.*

I HAVE the honor to inform you, in accordance with my intention as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of June 19 for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer "Kearsarge," which had been lying off and on the port for several days previously. After clearing the harbor we descried the enemy, with his head offshore, at a distance of about 9 miles. We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and made all my preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter

of the enemy he suddenly wheeled, and bringing his head inshore presented his starboard battery to me.

By this time we were distant about 1 mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the engagement became active on both sides. The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle, the two ships steaming around a common center and preserving a distance from each other of from a quarter to half a mile. When we got within good shell range, we opened upon him with shell.

Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action our spanker gaff was shot away and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzenmast-head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing but little damage, I returned to solid shot firing, and from this time onward alternated with shot and shell. After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our sides and between decks, opening large apertures, through which the water rushed

with great rapidity. For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam and set such of the fore-and-aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colors to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition. Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck, dangerously wounding several of my men. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally. We now turned all our exertions toward the wounded and such of the boys as were unable to swim. These were dispatched in my quarter boats, the only boats remaining to me, the waist boats having been torn to pieces.

Some twenty minutes after my furnace fires had been extinguished, and the ship being on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given to the crew, jumped overboard and endeavored to save himself. There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy until after the ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam yacht "Deerhound," owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England (Mr. John Lancaster), who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men and rescued a number of both

officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the "Kearsarge" sent one and then, tardily, another boat.

Accompanying you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the "Deerhound." The remainder there is reason to hope were picked up by the enemy and by a couple of French pilot boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action. At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated, this having been done with chains constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. She was most effectually guarded, however, in this section from penetration. The enemy was much damaged in other parts, but to what extent it is now impossible to tell. It is believed he was badly crippled.

My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship they have not lost honor. Where all behaved so well it would be invidious to particularize; but I cannot deny myself

the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action, with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell rooms; also that he rendered me great assistance by his coolness and judgment as the fight proceeded.

The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also ironclad. Our total loss in killed and wounded is 30, to wit, 9 killed and 21 wounded.

Southampton, England, June 21, 1864.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE FROM WINCHESTER

By General Philip Henry Sheridan

SHERIDAN'S twenty-mile ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, Virginia, where he rallied his demoralized army, as told in his "Personal Memoirs," (from which this account is taken by permission of D. Appleton & Company), and won a brilliant victory, was perhaps the most dramatic episode of the Civil War. But for it, no great credit would belong to Sheridan, insofar as he commanded 31,000 troops, and the Confederate General, Early, only 18,500.

Sheridan had spent the night of October 18, 1864, in Winchester, en route from Washington to rejoin his army, when apprised of its rout. Reaching the front, he quickly reversed the situation. This was the last Confederate attempt to strike the North through the Shenandoah Valley.

At the close of the war Sheridan ranked in popular estimation next to Grant and Sherman. His exploit furnished the theme of the stirring poem, "Sheridan's Ride," by T. Buchanan Read.

TOWARD 6 o'clock the morning of the 19th [October, 1864], the officer on picket duty at Winchester came to my room, I being yet in bed, and reported artillery firing from the direction of Cedar Creek. I asked him if the firing was continuous or only desultory, to which he replied that it was not a sustained fire, but rather irregular and fitful. . . . I tried to go to sleep again, but grew so restless that I could not, and soon got up and dressed myself. A little later the picket officer came back and reported that the firing, which could be distinctly heard from his line on the heights outside of Winchester, was still going on. I asked him if it sounded like a battle, and as he . . . said that it did not, I still in-

ferred that the cannonading was caused by Grover's division banging away at the enemy simply to find out what he was up to. However, I went downstairs and requested that breakfast be hurried up, and at the same time ordered the horses to be saddled and in readiness, for I concluded to go to the front before any further examinations were made in regard to the defensive line.

We mounted our horses between half-past 8 and 9, and as we were proceeding up the street which leads directly through Winchester, from the Logan residence, where Edwards was quartered, to the Valley Pike, I noticed that there were many women at the windows and doors of houses, who kept shaking their skirts at us and who were otherwise markedly insolent in their demeanor, but supposing this conduct to be instigated by their well-known and perhaps natural prejudices, I ascribed to it no unusual significance. On reaching the edge of the town I halted a moment, and there heard quite distinctly the sound of artillery firing in an unceasing roar. . . . Moving on, I put my head down toward the pommel of my saddle and listened intently, trying to locate and interpret the sound, continuing in this position till we had crossed Mill Creek, about half a mile from Winchester. The result of my efforts in the interval was the conviction that the travel of the sound was increasing too rapidly to be accounted for by my own rate of motion, and that therefore my army must be falling back.

At Abrahams Creek my escort fell in behind, and we were going ahead at a regular pace, when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt but utterly demoralized, and baggage-wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front. On accosting some of the fugitives, they assured me that the army was broken up, in full retreat, and that all was lost; all this with a manner true to that peculiar indifference that takes possession of panic-stricken men. I was greatly disturbed by the sight, but at once sent word to Colonel Edwards, commanding the brigade in Winchester, to stretch his troops across the valley, near Mill Creek, and stop all fugitives, directing also that the transportation be passed through and parked on the north side of the town. . . .

For a short distance I traveled on the road, but soon found it so blocked with wagons and wounded men that my progress was impeded, and I was forced to take to the adjoining fields to make haste. When most of the wagons and wounded men were past I returned to the road, which was thickly lined with unhurt men, who, having got far enough to the rear to be out of danger, had halted, without any organization, and begun cooking coffee, but when they saw me they abandoned their coffee, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and as I passed along

turned to follow with enthusiasm and cheers. To acknowledge this exhibition of feeling I took off my hat, and with Forsyth and O'Keefe rode some distance in advance of my escort, while every mounted officer who saw me galloped out on either side of the pike to tell the men at a distance that I had come back. In this way the news was spread to the stragglers off the road, when they, too, turned their faces to the front and marched toward the enemy, changing in a moment from the depths of depression to the extreme of enthusiasm. . . . I said nothing except to remark, as I rode among those on the road: "If I had been with you this morning this disaster would not have happened. We must face the other way; we will go back and recover our camp."

. . . At Newtown I was obliged to make a circuit to the left, to get round the village. I could not pass through it, the streets were so crowded, but meeting on this détour Major McKinley, of Crook's staff, he spread the news of my return through the motley throng there.

When nearing the Valley pike, just south of Newtown I saw about three-fourths of a mile west of the pike a body of troops, which proved to be Rickett's and Wheaton's divisions of the Sixth Corps, and then learned that the Nineteenth Corps had halted a little to the right and rear of these; but I did not stop, desiring to get to the extreme front. Continuing on parallel with the pike, about midway between Newtown and Middletown I crossed to the west of it, and a little

later came up in rear of Getty's division of the Sixth Corps. When I arrived, this division and the cavalry were the only troops in the presence of and resisting the enemy; they were apparently acting as a rear guard at a point about three miles north of the line we held at Cedar Creek when the battle began.

General Torbert was the first officer to meet me, saying as he rode up, "My God! I am glad you've come." Getty's division, when I found it, was about a mile north of Middletown, posted on the reverse slope of some slightly rising ground, holding a barricade made with fence-rails, and skirmishing slightly with the enemy's pickets. Jumping my horse over the line of rails, I rode to the crest of the elevation, and there taking off my hat, the men rose up from behind their barricade with cheers of recognition. . . . I then turned back to the rear of Getty's division, and as I came behind it, a line of regimental flags rose up out of the ground, as it seemed, to welcome me. They were mostly the colors of Crook's troops, who had been stampeded and scattered in the surprise of the morning. The color-bearers, having withstood the panic, had formed behind the troops of Getty. The line with the colors was largely composed of officers, among whom I recognized Colonel R. B. Hayes, since President of the United States, one of the brigade commanders. At the close of this incident I crossed the narrow valley, or depression, in rear of Getty's line, and dismounting on the opposite crest, established that point as my headquarters. In

a few minutes some of my staff joined me, and the first directions I gave were to have the Nineteenth Corps and the two divisions of Wright's corps brought to the front, so they could be formed on Getty's division, prolonged to the right; for I had already decided to attack the enemy from that line as soon as I could get matters in shape to take the offensive. . . .

All this had consumed a great deal of time, and I concluded to visit again the point to the east of the Valley pike, from where I had first observed the enemy, to see what he was doing. Arrived there, I could plainly see him getting ready for attack, and Major Forsyth now suggested that it would be well to ride along the line of battle before the enemy assailed us, for although the troops had learned of my return, but few of them had seen me. Following his suggestion I started in behind the men, but when a few paces had been taken I crossed to the front and, hat in hand, passed along the entire length of the infantry line. . . .

Between half-past 3 and 4 o'clock, I was ready to assail, and decided to do so by advancing my infantry line in a swinging movement, so as to gain the Valley pike with my right between Middletown and the Belle Grove House; and when the order was passed along, the men pushed steadily forward with enthusiasm and confidence . . . General McMillan . . . doing his work so well that the enemy's flanking troops were cut off from their main body and left to shift for themselves. Custer, who was just then moving in from

the west side of Middle Marsh Brook, followed McMillan's timely blow with a charge of cavalry, but before starting out on it, and while his men were forming, riding at full speed himself, to throw his arms around my neck. By the time he had disengaged himself from this embrace, the troops broken by McMillan had gained some little distance to their rear, but Custer's troopers sweeping across the Middletown meadows and down toward Cedar Creek, took many of them prisoners before they could reach the stream—so I forgave his delay.

My whole line as far as the eye could see was now driving everything before it, from behind trees, stone walls, and all such sheltering obstacles, so I rode toward the left to ascertain how matters were getting on there. . . . When I reached the Valley pike Crook had reorganized his men, and as I desired that they should take part in the fight, for they were the very same troops that had turned Early's flank at the Opequon and at Fisher's Hill, I ordered them to be pushed forward; and the alacrity and celerity with which they moved on Middletown demonstrated that their ill-fortune of the morning had not sprung from lack of valor.

Meanwhile Lowell's brigade of cavalry, which, it will be remembered, had been holding on, dismounted, just north of Middletown ever since the time I arrived from Winchester, fell to the rear for the purpose of getting their led horses. A momentary panic was created in the nearest brigade of in-

fantry by this withdrawal of Lowell, but as soon as his men were mounted they charged the enemy clear up to the stone walls in the edge of Middletown; at sight of this the infantry brigade renewed its attack, and the enemy's right gave way. The accomplished Lowell received his death-wound in this courageous charge.

All our troops were now moving on the retreating Confederates, and as I rode to the front Colonel Gibbs, who succeeded Lowell, made ready for another mounted charge, but I checked him from pressing the enemy's right, in the hope that the swinging attack from my right would throw most of the Confederates to the east of the Valley pike, and hence off their line of retreat through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill. The eagerness of the men soon frustrated this anticipation, however, the left insisting on keeping pace with the center and right, and all pushing ahead till we regained our old camps at Cedar Creek. Beyond Cedar Creek, at Strasburg, the pike makes a sharp turn to the west toward Fisher's Hill, and here Merritt uniting with Custer, they together fell on the flank of the retreating columns, taking many prisoners, wagons, and guns, among the prisoners being Major-General Ramseur, who, mortally wounded, died the next day.

When the news of the victory was received, General Grant directed a salute of one hundred shotted guns to be fired into Petersburg, and the President at once thanked the army in an autographed letter.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

General Sherman's Own Account

IN his "Memoirs," from which this account is taken by permission of D. Appleton & Company, Sherman states that when he reached Atlanta his "march to the sea" was virtually accomplished. "I simply moved from Atlanta to Savannah as one step in the direction of Richmond, a movement that had to be met and defeated, or the war was necessarily at an end."

In January, 1864, Sherman had made a similar devastating raid across the State of Mississippi. It so impressed Grant that, on his orders, Sherman set out from Chattanooga, Tennessee, in May, with an army of 100,000 strong to invade Georgia. Sherman fought four battles with the retreating Confederates under Johnston.

Leaving Atlanta for Savannah, as here related, the Union army made a line sixty miles wide. Its wake was a path of ruin. While in Savannah Sherman received the thanks of Congress for his "triumphal march."

ON the 12th of November [1864] the railroad and telegraph communications with the rear were broken, and the army stood detached from all friends, dependent on its own resources and supplies. The strength of the army, as officially reported, shows an aggregate of 55,329 infantry, 5,063 cavalry, and 1,812 artillery—in all, 62,204 officers and men. . . .

The most extraordinary efforts had been made to purge this army of non-combatants and of sick men so that all on this exhibit may be assumed to have been able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, well equipped, and provided, as far as human foresight permitted, with all the essentials of life, strength and vigorous action.

The two general orders made for this march appear to me, even at this late day, so clear, emphatic, and well-digested, that no account of that historic event is perfect without them and, though they called for great sacrifice and labor on the part of the officers and men, I insist that these orders were obeyed as well as any similar orders ever were, by an army operating wholly in an enemy's country, and dispersed, as we necessarily were, during the subsequent period of nearly six months. The wagon-trains were divided equally between the four corps, so that each had about eight hundred wagons, and these usually on the march occupied five miles or more of road. . . .

The march from Atlanta began on the morning of November 15th, the right wing and cavalry following the railroad southeast toward Jonesboro, and General Slocum with the Twentieth Corps leading off to the east by Decatur and Stone Mountain, toward Madison. These were divergent lines, designed to threaten both Macon and Augusta at the same time, so as to prevent a concentration at our intended destination, or "objective," Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, distant southeast about one hundred miles. . . .

About 7 A. M. of November 16th we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of

our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smoldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place. . . .

The first night out we camped by the roadside near Lithonia. The whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one of heating the middle of the iron rails on bonfires made of the cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph-pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached some importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my own personal atten-

tion, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject. . . .

. . . We found abundance of corn, molasses, meal, bacon, and sweet potatoes. We also took a good many cows and oxen, and a large number of mules. In all these the country was quite rich, never before having been visited by a hostile army; the recent crop had been excellent, had been just gathered and laid by for the winter. As a rule, we destroyed none, but kept our wagons full, and fed our teams bountifully.

The skill and success of the men in collecting forage was one of the features of this march. Each brigade commander had authority to detail a company of foragers, usually about fifty men, with one or two commissioned officers selected for their boldness and enterprise. This party would be dispatched before daylight with a knowledge of the intended day's march and camp; would proceed on foot five or six miles from the route traveled by their brigade, and then visit every plantation and farm within range. They would usually procure a wagon or family carriage, load it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, chickens, ducks, and everything that could be used as food or forage, and would then regain the main road, usually in advance of their train. When this came up, they would deliver to the brigade commissary the supplies thus gathered by the way.

Often would I pass these foraging-parties at the roadside, waiting for their wagons to come up, and was amused at their strange collections—mules,

horses, even cattle, packed with old saddles and loaded with hams, bacon, bags of corn-meal, and poultry of every character and description. Although this foraging was attended with great danger and hard work, there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the soldiers, and it was a privilege to be detailed on such a party. Daily they returned mounted on all sorts of beasts, which were at once taken from them and appropriated to the general use; but the next day they would start out again on foot, only to repeat the experience of the day before.

No doubt, many acts of pillage, robbery and violence were committed by these parties of foragers, usually called "bummers"; for I have since heard of jewelry taken from women, and the plunder of articles that never reached the commissary; but these acts were exceptional and incidental. No army could have carried along sufficient food and forage for a march of three hundred miles; so that foraging in some shape was necessary. By it our men were well supplied with all the essentials of life and health, while the wagons retained enough in case of unexpected delay, and our animals were well fed. Indeed, when we reached Savannah, the trains were pronounced by experts to be the finest in flesh and appearance ever seen with any army. . . .

November 23d, we rode into Milledgeville, the capital of the State, whither the Twentieth Corps had preceded us; and during that day the left wing was all united, in and around Milledgeville. The first

stage of the journey was, therefore, complete, and absolutely successful. . . .

I was in Milledgeville with the left wing, and was in full communication with the right wing at Gordon. The people of Milledgeville remained at home, except the Governor (Brown), the State officers, and Legislature, who had ignominiously fled, in the utmost disorder and confusion. . . .

Meantime orders were made for the total destruction of the arsenal and its contents, and of such public buildings as could be easily converted to hostile uses. Meantime the right wing continued its movement along the railroad toward Savannah, tearing up the track and destroying its iron. Kilpatrick's cavalry was brought into Milledgeville, and crossed the Oconee by the bridge near the town; and on the 23d I made the general orders for the next stage of the march as far as Millen. . . .

On the 18th of December, at my camp by the side of the plank-road, eight miles back of Savannah, I received General Hardee's letter declining to surrender, when nothing remained but to assault. The ground was difficult, and, as all former assaults had proved so bloody, I concluded to make one more effort to completely surround Savannah on all sides, so as further to excite Hardee's fears, and, in case of success, to capture the whole of his army. . . . Toward evening of December 21st we discovered coming toward us, a tug . . . belonging to the Quartermaster's Department, with a staff officer on board,

bearing letters from Colonel Dayton to myself and to the admiral reporting that the city of Savannah had been found evacuated on the morning of December 21st, and was then in our possession. General Hardee had crossed the Savannah River by a pontoon-bridge, carrying off his men and light artillery, blowing up his iron-clads and navy-yard, but leaving for us all the heavy guns, stores, cotton, railway-cars, steamboats, and an immense amount of public and private property. . . .

THOMAS DEFEATS HOOD AT NASHVILLE

By General John Bell Hood

GENERAL HOOD, a Kentuckian and West Point graduate, resigned from the United States Army in 1861 to accept a commission in the Confederate service under General Lee. Early in the war his gallantry gained him the rank of major-general. In July, 1864, to the great satisfaction of General Sherman, who was leading his Union army through Georgia, Hood succeeded the less impetuous General Johnston in command of the Army of the Tennessee, and was defeated by General Thomas at the Battle of Nashville, December 15-16, 1864. In this official report of the battle Hood attributes his defeat to the weakness of General Bate's division on the Confederate left, which was pierced by the Federal attack. The Confederates were greatly outnumbered.

As a military force in retreat, Hood's army practically disappeared, and on January 23, 1865, he asked to be relieved of his command. As a result of this battle, Congress thanked Thomas.

THE army arrived at Florence on the 31st of October. This unfortunate delay allowed the enemy time to repair the damage to his railroad, and to accumulate at Atlanta sufficient supplies to enable him to return the greater part of his army to that place and move with it through to the Atlantic coast. The remainder he threw across the Tennessee under Thomas. When our army arrived at Florence it had entirely recovered from the depression that frequent retreats had created. The enemy having for the first time divided his forces, I had to determine which of the two parts to direct my operations against. To follow the forces about to move through Georgia under Sherman would be to

again abandon the regained territory to the forces under Thomas, with little hope of being able to reach the enemy in time to defeat his movement, and also to cause desertion and greatly impair the morale or fighting spirit of the army by what would be considered a compulsory retreat. I thought the alternative clear that I should move upon Thomas. If I succeeded in beating him the effect of Sherman's movement would not be great, and I should gain in men sufficiently to compensate for the damages he might inflict. If beaten I should leave the army in better condition than it would be if I attempted a retrograde movement against Sherman.

Upon all these questions I had a full and free conference with General Beauregard at Tuscumbia. General Beauregard left it optional with me either to divide the army, sending a part after Sherman and to push on with the remainder, or to move forward at once against Thomas with the entire force. The army I thought too small to divide. I so informed him, when he directed me by telegraph to push forward at once. . . .

The want of a good map of the country, and the deep mud through which the army marched, prevented our overtaking the enemy before he reached Columbia, but on the evening of the 27th of November our army was placed in position in front of his works at that place. During the night, however, he evacuated the town, taking position on the opposite

side of the river, about a mile and a half from the town, which was considered quite strong in front.

. . . We pursued the enemy rapidly and compelled him to burn a number of his wagons. He made a feint as if to give battle on the hills about four miles south of Franklin, but as soon as our forces began to deploy for the attack and to flank him on his left he retired slowly to Franklin.

I learned from dispatches captured at Spring Hill, from Thomas to Schofield, that the latter was instructed to hold that place till the position at Franklin could be made secure, indicating the intention of Thomas to hold Franklin and his strong works at Murfreesborough. Thus I knew that it was all important to attack Schofield before he could make himself strong, and if he should escape at Franklin he would gain his works about Nashville. The nature of the position was such as to render it inexpedient to attempt any further flank movement, and I therefore determined to attack him in front, and without delay.

On the 30th of November Stewart's corps was placed in position on the right, Cheatham's on the left, and the cavalry on either flank, the main body of the cavalry on the right, under Forrest. Johnson's division, of Lee's corps, also became engaged on the left during the engagement. The line advanced at 4 p. m., with orders to drive the enemy into or across the Big Harpeth River, while General Forrest, if successful, was to cross the river and attack and destroy

his trains and broken columns. The troops moved forward most gallantly to the attack. We carried the enemy's first line of hastily constructed works handsomely. We then advanced against his interior line, and succeeded in carrying it also in some places. Here the engagement was of the fiercest possible character. Our men possessed themselves of the exterior of the works, while the enemy held the interior. Many of our men were killed entirely inside the works. The brave men captured were taken inside his works in the edge of the town. The struggle lasted till near midnight, when the enemy abandoned his works and crossed the river, leaving his dead and wounded in our possession. Never did troops fight more gallantly. The works of the enemy were so hastily constructed that while he had a slight abatis in front of a part of his line there was none on his extreme right. During the day I was restrained from using my artillery on account of the women and children remaining in the town. At night it was massed ready to continue the action in the morning, but the enemy retired.

We captured about 1,000 prisoners and several stand of colors. Our loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was 4,500. . . .

The number of dead left by the enemy on the field indicated that his loss was equal or near our own.

The next morning at daylight, the wounded being cared for and the dead buried, we moved forward toward Nashville, Forrest with his cavalry pursuing the enemy vigorously.

On the 2d of December the army took position in front of Nashville, about two miles from the city. Lieutenant-General Lee's corps constituted our center, resting upon the Franklin pike, with Cheatham's corps upon the right and Stewart's on the left, and the cavalry on either flank, extending to the river. I was causing strong detached works to be built to cover our flanks, intending to make them inclosed works, so as to defeat any attempt of the enemy should he undertake offensive movements against our flank and rear. The enemy still held Murfreesborough with about 6,000 men, strongly fortified; he also held small forces at Chattanooga and Knoxville. It was apparent that he would soon have to take the offensive to relieve his garrisons at those points or cause them to be evacuated, in which case I hoped to capture the forces at Murfreesborough, and should then be able to open communication with Georgia and Virginia. Should he attack me in position I felt that I could defeat him, and thus gain possession of Nashville with abundant supplies for the army. This would give me possession of Tennessee. Necessary steps were taken to furnish the army with supplies, which the people were ready and willing to furnish. Shoe-shops were in operation in each brigade. We had captured sufficient railroad stock to use the road to Pulaski, and it was already in successful operation. Having possession of the State, we should have gained largely in recruits, and could at an early day have moved forward to the Ohio, which would have frus-

trated the plans of the enemy, as developed in his campaign toward the Atlantic coast.

I had sent Major-General Forrest, with the greatest part of his cavalry and Bate's division of infantry, to Murfreesborough, to ascertain if it was possible to take the place. After a careful examination and reconnaissance in force, in which, I am sorry to say, the infantry behaved badly, it was determined that nothing could be accomplished by assault. Bate's division was then withdrawn, leaving Forrest with Jackson's and Buford's divisions of cavalry in observation. Mercer's and Palmer's brigades of infantry were sent to replace Bate's division. Shortly afterward Buford's division was withdrawn and ordered to the right of the army, on the Cumberland River.

Nothing of importance occurred until the morning of the 15th of December when the enemy, having received heavy re-enforcements, attacked simultaneously both our flanks. On our right he was handsomely repulsed, with heavy loss, but on our left, toward evening, he carried some partially completed redoubts of those before mentioned.

During the night of the 15th our whole line was shortened and strengthened; our left was also thrown back; dispositions were made to meet any renewed attack. The corps of Major-General Cheatham was transferred from our right to our left, leaving Lieutenant-General Lee on our right, who had been previously in the center, and placing Lieutenant-General

Stewart's corps in the center, which had been previously the left.

Early on the 16th of December the enemy made a general attack on our lines, accompanied by a heavy fire of artillery. All his assaults were repulsed with heavy loss till 3.30 p. m., when a portion of our line to the left of the center, occupied by Bate's division, suddenly gave way. Up to this time no battle ever progressed more favorably; the troops in excellent spirits, waving their colors and bidding defiance to the enemy. The position gained by the enemy being such as to enfilade our line caused in a few moments our entire line to give way and our troops to retreat rapidly down the pike in the direction of Franklin, most of them, I regret to say, in great confusion, all efforts to reform them being fruitless. Our loss in artillery was heavy—54 guns. Thinking it impossible for the enemy to break our line, the horses were sent to the rear for safety, and the giving way of the line was so sudden that it was not possible to bring forward the horses to move the guns which had been placed in position. Our loss in killed and wounded was small. At Brentwood, some four miles from our line of battle, the troops were somewhat collected, and Lieutenant-General Lee took command of the rear guard, encamping for the night in the vicinity. On leaving the field I sent a staff officer to inform General Forrest of our defeat, and to direct him to rejoin the army with as little delay as possible to protect its rear, but owing to the swollen condition of the creeks,

caused by the heavy rain then falling, he was unable to join us until we reached Columbia, with the exception of a portion of his command, which reached us while the enemy was moving from Franklin to Spring Hill.

On the 17th we continued the retreat toward Columbia, encamping for the night at Spring Hill. During this day's march the enemy's cavalry pressed with great boldness and activity, charging our infantry repeatedly with the saber, and at times penetrating our lines. The country being open was favorable to their operations. I regret to say that also on this day Lieutenant-General Lee, commanding the covering force, was severely wounded in the foot. We continued our retreat across Duck River to Columbia, the corps alternating as rear guards to the army. Lieutenant-General Lee and the corps commanded by him deserve great credit.

After the fight at Nashville I at first hoped to be able to remain in Tennessee, on the line of Duck River; but after arriving at Columbia I became convinced that the condition of the army made it necessary to recross the Tennessee without delay; and on the 21st the army resumed its march for Pulaski. . . . From Pulaski I moved by the most direct road to the Bainbridge crossing on the Tennessee River, which was reached on the 25th, where the army crossed without interruption, completing the crossing on the 27th, including our rear guard, which the enemy followed with all his cavalry and three corps of infantry to Pulaski, and with cavalry between

Pulaski and the Tennessee River. After crossing the river the army moved by easy marches to Tupelo, Miss. . . . Here, finding so much dissatisfaction throughout the country as in my judgment to greatly impair, if not destroy, my usefulness and counteract my exertions, and with no desire but to serve my country, I asked to be relieved, with the hope that another might be assigned to the command who might do more than I could hope to accomplish. Accordingly, I was so relieved on the 23d of January by authority of the President. . . .

From Palmetto to Spring Hill the campaign was all that I could have desired. The fruits ought to have been gathered at that point. At Nashville, had it not been for an unfortunate event which could not justly have been anticipated, I think we would have gained a complete victory. At any time it was in the power of the army to retire from Tennessee in the event of failure, as is established by the leisurely retreat which was made under the most difficult and embarrassing circumstances. It is my firm conviction that, notwithstanding that disaster, I left the army in better spirits and with more confidence in itself than it had at the opening of the campaign. The official records will show that my losses, including prisoners, during the entire campaign do not exceed 10,000 men. Were I again placed in such circumstances I should make the same marches and fight the same battles, trusting that the same unforseen and unavoidable accident would not again occur to change into disaster a victory which had been already won.

FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY

The Admiral's Own Account

FARRAGUT made this report of what is known as the Battle of Mobile Bay to the Navy Department shortly after the naval engagement occurred, August 5, 1864, and before Fort Morgan surrendered eighteen days later to the combined Federal military and naval force engaged in the operation. In addition to Fort Morgan, the city of Mobile, thirty miles above the Gulf, was protected by Fort Gaines, by a torpedo-mined channel, by the ironclad ram Tennessee *and four gunboats. The Federal fleet under Farragut comprised four monitors, the flagship* Hartford *and six other wooden sloops, together with a complement of gunboats.*

It was after the monitor Tecumseh *had been torpedoed, and the sloop* Brooklyn, *at the head of the Federal battle-line, had begun to back, that Farragut was informed of the danger. He shouted his famous order: "Damn the torpedoes! Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!"*

THE vessels outside the bar, which were designed to participate in the engagement, were all under way by forty minutes past five in the morning (August 5), two abreast, and lashed together. The ironclads were already inside the bar, and had been ordered to take up their positions on the starboard side of the wooden ships, or between them and Fort Morgan, for the double purpose of keeping down the fire from the water battery and the parapet guns of the fort, as well as to attack the ram "Tennessee" as soon as the fort was passed. . . .

The attacking fleet steamed steadily up the main ship-channel, the "Tecumseh" firing the first shot at forty-seven minutes past six o'clock. At six minutes

past seven the fort opened upon us, and was replied to by a gun from the "Brooklyn," and immediately after the action became general. It was soon apparent that there was some difficulty ahead.

The "Brooklyn," for some cause which I did not then clearly understand, arrested the advance of the whole fleet, while, at the same time, the guns of the fort were playing with great effect upon that vessel and the "Hartford." A moment after I saw the "Tecumseh," struck by a torpedo, disappear almost instantaneously beneath the waves, carrying with her gallant commander and nearly all her crew. I determined at once, as I had originally intended, to take the lead; and after ordering the "Metacomet" to send a boat to save, if possible, any of the perishing crew, I dashed ahead with the "Hartford," and the ships followed on, their officers believing that they were going to a noble death with their commander-in-chief.

I steamed through between the buoys, where the torpedoes were supposed to have been sunk. These buoys had been previously examined by my flag-lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, in several nightly reconnaissances. Though he had not been able to discover the sunken torpedoes, yet we had been assured by refugees, deserters, and others, of their existence, but believing that, from their having been some time in the water they were probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion. From the moment I turned to the northwestward, to clear the middle ground, we were enabled to keep such a

broadside fire upon the batteries of Fort Morgan that their guns did us comparatively little injury.

"Just after we passed the fort, which was about ten minutes before eight o'clock, the ram 'Tennessee' dashed out at this ship, as had been expected, and in anticipation of which I had ordered the monitors on our starboard side. I took no further notice of her than to return her fire. . . ."

Having passed the fort and dispersed the enemy's gunboats, I had ordered most of the vessels to anchor, when I perceived the ram "Tennessee" standing up for this ship. This was at forty-five minutes past eight. I was not long in comprehending his intentions to be the destruction of the flag-ship. The monitors, and such of the wooden vessels as I thought best adapted for the purpose, were immediately ordered to attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed, and then began one of the fiercest naval combats on record.

The "Monongahela," Commander Strong, was the first vessel that struck her, and in doing so carried away his own prow, together with the cutwater, without apparently doing her adversary much injury. The "Lackawanna," Captain Marchand, was the next vessel to strike her, which she did at full speed; but though her stem was cut and crushed to the plank ends for the distance of three feet above the water's edge to five feet below, the only perceptible effect on the ram was to give her a heavy list.

The "Hartford" was the third vessel which struck her, but, as the "Tennessee" quickly shifted her helm, the blow was a glancing one, and as she rasped along our side, we poured our whole port broadside of nine-inch solid shot within ten feet of her casement. The monitors worked slowly, but delivered their fire as opportunity offered. The "Chickasaw" succeeded in getting under her stern, and a fifteen-inch shot from the "Manhattan" broke through her iron plating and heavy wooden backing though the missile itself did not enter the vessel.

Immediately after the collision with the flagship, I directed Captain Drayton to bear down for the ram again. He was doing so at full speed when, unfortunately, the "Lackawanna" ran into the "Hartford" just forward of the mizzen-mast, cutting her down to within two feet of the water's edge. We soon got clear again, however, and were fast approaching our adversary, when she struck her colors and ran up the white flag.

She was at this time sore beset; the "Chickasaw" was pounding away at her stern, the "Ossipee" was approaching her at full speed, and the "Monongahela," "Lackawanna," and this ship were bearing down upon her, determined upon her destruction. Her smoke-stack had been shot away, her steering-chains were gone, compelling a resort to her relieving tackles, and several of her port shutters were jammed. Indeed, from the time the "Hartford" struck her, until her surrender, she never fired a gun. As the "Ossi-

pee," Commander Le Roy, was about to strike her, she hoisted the white flag, and the vessel immediately stopped her engine, though not in time to avoid a glancing blow. During this contest with the rebel gunboats and the ram "Tennessee," which terminated in her surrender at ten o'clock, we lost many more men than from the fire of the batteries of Fort Morgan. . . .

As I had an elevated position in the main rigging near the top, I was able to overlook not only the deck of the "Hartford," but the other vessels of the fleet. . . .

LINCOLN REELECTED PRESIDENT

By William H. Herndon

THAT Lincoln was apprehensive regarding his reelection to the Presidency in 1864 is indicated by his letter to General Sherman, quoted in this account taken from Herndon and Weik's "Abraham Lincoln" (Appleton), suggesting that Sherman, who was marching through Georgia, let as many as possible of his Indiana men return home to vote. Lincoln's opponent was General McClellan, affectionately known to his soldiers as "Little Mac," who was nominated by the Democratic party on a platform which denounced the war as a failure. To this view, however, McClellan did not subscribe, and in his letter of acceptance he advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war.

In the Electoral College the vote stood 212 for Lincoln, and 21 for McClellan, while the popular vote for Lincoln was 2,200,000, and for McClellan 1,800,000. McClellan had resigned from the army in order to make the campaign.

THE Summer and Fall of 1864 were marked by Lincoln's second Presidential campaign, he, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, having been nominated at Baltimore on the 8th of June. Frémont, who had been placed in the field by a convention of malcontents at Cleveland, Ohio, had withdrawn in September, and the contest was left to Lincoln and General George B. McClellan, the nominee of the Democratic convention at Chicago. The canvass was a heated and bitter one. Dissatisfied elements appeared everywhere. The Judge Advocate-General of the army (Holt) created a sensation by the publication of a report giving conclusive proof of the existence of an organized secret association at

the North, controlled by prominent men in the Democratic party, whose objects were the overthrow by revolution of the administration in the interest of the rebellion. Threats were rife of a revolution at the North, especially in New York City, if Mr. Lincoln were elected. Mr. Lincoln went steadily on in his own peculiar way. . . . Mr. Swett has told us how indifferent he appeared to be regarding any efforts to be made in his behalf. He did his duty as President, and rested secure in the belief that he would be reelected whatever might be done for or against him. The importance of retaining Indiana in the column of Republican States was not to be overlooked. How the President viewed it, and how he proposed to secure the vote of the State, is shown in the following letter written to General Sherman:

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington, September 19, 1864.

"Major General Sherman:

"The State election of Indiana occurs on the 11th of October, and the loss of it to the friends of the Government would go far towards losing the whole Union cause. The bad effect upon the November election, and especially the giving the State government to those who will oppose the war in every possible way, are too much to risk if it can be avoided. The draft proceeds, notwithstanding its strong tendency to lose us the State. Indiana is the only important State voting in October whose soldiers cannot vote in the field. Anything you can safely do to let her soldiers or any part of them go home and

vote at the State election will be greatly in point. They need not remain for the Presidential election, but may return to you at once. This is in no sense an order, but is merely intended to impress you with the importance to the army itself of your doing all you safely can, yourself being the judge of what you can safely do.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

The election resulted in an overwhelming victory for Lincoln. He received a majority of over four hundred thousand in the popular vote—a larger majority than had ever been received by any other President up to that time. He carried not only Indiana, but all the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, all the Western States, West Virginia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, and the newly admitted State of Nevada. McClellan carried but three States: New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky. The result, as Grant so aptly expressed it in his telegram of congratulation, was "a victory worth more to the country than a battle won." A second time Lincoln stood in front of the great Capitol to take the oath of office administered by his former rival, Salmon P. Chase, whom he himself had appointed to succeed the deceased Roger B. Taney. The problem of the war was now fast working its own solution. The cruel stain of slavery had been effaced from the national escutcheon, and the rosy morn of peace began to dawn behind the breaking clouds of the great storm.

Lincoln, firm but kind, in his inaugural address bade his misguided brethren of the South come back. With a fraternal affection characteristic of the man, and strictly in keeping with his former utterances, he asked for the return of peace. "With malice towards none, with charity for all," he implored his fellow-countrymen, "with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." . . .

THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE

By Alexander H. Stephens

STEPHENS, whose account of the Hampton Roads Conference, February 3, 1865, appears in his "Constitutional View of the War Between the States," was, as Vice-President of the Confederacy, head of the Confederate Commission that met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward to confer upon terms of peace. His Confederate associates were Senator Robert M. T. Hunter and Assistant Secretary of War John A. Campbell.

The conference was brought about primarily by Francis P. Blair, who fancied that the war might be brought to a close and the country reunited by arranging for joint action of the Federal and Confederate armies against Maximilian in Mexico. During the parley, which lasted four hours on board the vessel River Queen, *Lincoln expressed himself in favor of the Federal Government paying a fair indemnity to former slave-owners, but declined to modify his Emancipation Proclamation. No agreement was reached.*

THE interview took place in the saloon of the steamer, on board of which were Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and which lay at anchor near Fortress Monroe. The Commissioners were conducted into the saloon first. Soon after, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward entered. After usual salutations on the part of those who were previously acquainted, and introductions of the others who had never met before, conversation was immediately opened by the revival of reminiscences and associations of former days. . . .

. . . With this introduction I said in substance: Well, Mr. President, is there no way of putting an end to the present trouble, and bringing about a restoration of the gen-

eral good feeling and harmony then existing between the different States and sections of the country? . . .

Mr. Lincoln in reply said, in substance, that there was but one way that he knew of, and that was for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance. All the trouble came from an armed resistance against the national authority.

But, said I, is there no other question that might divert the attention of both parties, for a time, from the questions involved in their present strife, until the passions on both sides might cool, when they would be in better temper to come to an amicable and proper adjustment of those points of difference out of which the present lamentable collision of arms has arisen? Is there no continental question, said I, which might thus temporarily engage their attention? We have been induced to believe that there is. . . .

. . . Is there not now such a continental question in which all the parties engaged in our present war feel a deep and similar interest? I allude, of course, to Mexico, and what is called the Monroe Doctrine, the principles of which are directly involved in the contest now waging there. From the tone of leading Northern papers and from public speeches of prominent men, as well as from other sources, we are under the impression that the administration at Washington is decidedly opposed to the establishment of an empire in Mexico by France and is desirous to prevent it. . . .

Could not both parties then, said I, in our contest come to an understanding and agreement to postpone

their present strife by a suspension of hostilities between themselves, until this principle is maintained in behalf of Mexico; and might it not, when successfully sustained there, naturally, and would it not almost inevitably, lead to a peaceful and harmonious solution of their own difficulties? . . .

The conversation was again diverted from that view of the subject by Mr. Lincoln. He repeated that he could not entertain a proposition for an armistice on any terms, while the great and vital question of reunion was disposed of. That was the first question to be settled. . . .

Judge Campbell now renewed his inquiry of how restoration was to take place, supposing that the Confederate States were consenting to it?

Mr. Lincoln replied: By disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions. . . .

Mr. Lincoln said that so far as the Confiscation Acts, and other penal acts, were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and on that point he was perfectly willing and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise the power of the Executive with the utmost liberality. He went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South, and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he

should be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. . . .

Mr. Seward said, that the Northern people were weary of the war. They desired peace and a restoration of harmony, and he believed would be willing to pay as an indemnity for the slaves what would be required to continue the war, but stated no amount.

I then said: I wish, Mr. President, you would reconsider the subject of an armistice on the basis which has been suggested. Great questions, as well as vast interests are involved in it. . . .

Well, said he, as he was taking my hand for a farewell leave, and with a peculiar manner very characteristic of him: Well, Stephens, I will reconsider it, but I do not think my mind will change, but I will reconsider.

The two parties then took formal and friendly leave of each other, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward withdrawing first from the saloon together. . . .

THE EVACUATION AND FALL OF RICHMOND

By Horace Greeley and Edward A. Pollard

POLLARD, whose account of the evacuation of the Confederate capital on April 2, 1865, is given in Greeley's "American Conflict," was an editorial writer on the Richmond Examiner *and an eye-witness of the scene here described. Soon after the fall of Richmond he was captured while attempting to run the blockade on his way to England, and was imprisoned for eight months in Fort Warren in Boston.*

By order of General Ewell, the Confederate troops, before leaving Richmond, set fire to the warehouses and destroyed a great part of the city. The Federal forces entered the city on the day after the evacuation.

Some months before these events, Greeley unofficially represented President Lincoln on a mission to Canada to confer with Confederate agents on the subject of peace. The conference proved as fruitless as did the more famous one at Hampton Roads.

WHILE Petersburg was still held by the Confederate army, Lee saw that it could not be held much longer. His heavy losses—by this time exceeding 10,000 men — and the utter demolition of his right, rendered it morally certain that to hold on was to insure the capture or destruction of his army; and well he knew that his veterans were the last hope of the Rebellion. For Grant was now at liberty to throw forward his left to Appomattox; while it was morally certain that his cavalry would soon clutch the railroad junction at Burkesville, which had now become the jugular vein of the gasping Confederacy. At 10:30 a. m. [April 2, 1865], therefore, he tele-

graphed to Davis in Richmond a dispatch, containing very nearly these words:

"My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening."

That message found Mr. Davis, at 11 a. m., in church, where it was handed to him, amid an awful hush; and he immediately went quietly, soberly out —never to return as President of the Confederacy. No word was spoken; but the whole assemblage felt that the missive he had so hastily perused bore words of doom. Though the handwriting was not blazoned on the wall, it needed no Daniel to declare its import.

But no one can duly depict that last afternoon and night of Confederate rule in Richmond but an eye-witness: so let Pollard narrate for us the visible collapse and fall of the Slave Power in its chosen metropolis. After stating how, upon Mr. Davis's withdrawal from church, "the rumor was caught up in the streets that Richmond was to be evacuated, and was soon carried to the ends of the city," he proceeds:

"Men, women, and children rushed from the churches, passing from lip to lip news of the impending fall of Richmond. And yet, it was difficult to believe it. To look up to the calm, beautiful sky of that spring day, unassailed by one single noise of battle, to watch the streets, unvexed by artillery or troops, stretching away into the quiet, hazy atmosphere, and believe that the capital of the Confederacy, so peaceful, so apparently secure, was in a few hours

to be the prey of the enemy, and to be wrapt in the infernal horrors of a conflagration!

"It was late in the afternoon when the signs of evacuation became apparent to the incredulous. Wagons on the streets were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes, trunks, etc., and driven to the Danville depot. Those who had determined to evacuate with the fugitive government looked on with amazement; then, convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the government's example. Vehicles suddenly rose to a premium value that was astounding; and ten, fifteen, and even a hundred dollars, in gold or Federal currency, was offered for a conveyance. Suddenly, as if by magic, the streets became filled with men, walking as though for a wager, and behind them excited negroes with trunks, bundles, and luggage of every description. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, bandboxes, and their owners, a mass of hurrying fugitives, filling the streets. The banks were all open, and depositors were as busy as bees removing their specie deposits; and the directors were equally active in getting off their bullion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper money was destroyed, both State and Confederate. Night came; and with it came confusion worse confounded. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond that night.

"The City Council had met in the evening and resolved to destroy all the liquor in the city, to avoid the disorder consequent on the temptation to drink

at such a time. About the hour of midnight the work commenced, under the direction of committees of citizens in all the wards. Hundreds of barrels of liquor were rolled into the street, and the heads knocked in. The gutters ran with a liquor freshet, and the fumes filled and impregnated the air. Fine cases of bottled liquors were tossed into the street from third-story windows, and wrecked into a thousand pieces. As the work progressed, some straggling soldiers, retreating through the city, managed to get hold of a quantity of the liquor. From that moment law and order ceased to exist. Many of the stores were pillaged; and the sidewalks were encumbered with broken glass, where the thieves had smashed the windows in their reckless haste to lay hands on the plunder within. The air was filled with wild cries of distress, or the yells of roving pillagers.

"But a more terrible element was to appear upon the scene. An order had been issued from General Ewell's headquarters to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses of the city—namely, the public warehouse, situated at the head of the basin, near the Petersburg railroad depot; Shockoe warehouse, situated near the center of the city, side by side with the Gallego flour-mills; Mayo's warehouse, and Dibrell's warehouse, on Cary Street, a square below Libby prison.

"Morning broke upon a scene such as those who witnessed it can never forget. The roar of an immense conflagration sounded in their ears; tongues

of flame leapt from street to street; and in this baleful glare were to be seen, as of demons, the figures of busy plunderers, moving, pushing, rioting, through the black smoke and into the open street, bearing away every conceivable sort of plunder.

"The scene at the commissary depot, at the head of the dock, beggared description. Hundreds of government wagons were loaded with bacon, flour, and whisky, and driven off in hot haste to join the retreating army. Thronging about the depot were hundreds of men, women, and children, black and white, provided with capacious bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, tin pans, and aprons; cursing, pushing, and crowding; awaiting the throwing open of the doors, and the order for each to help himself.

"About sunrise the doors were opened to the populace; and a rush that almost seemed to carry the building off its foundation was made, and hundreds of thousands of pounds of bacon, flour, etc., were soon swept away by a clamorous crowd."

Our lines opposite Richmond—that is, north of the James—had been held since Ord's withdrawal southward, by General Godfrey Weitzel, with Kautz's division of the Twenty-fourth and Ashborne's and Thomas's divisions of the Twenty-fifth Corps, under instructions from Grant to make the utmost show of strength and purpose to assault, so as to keep the enemy here in force, while the bulk of our army should be flanking and fighting him out of Petersburg. These instructions had been faithfully, effi-

ciently obeyed; though Longstreet, confronting Weitzel, had at length suspected the true character of Grant's strategy, and had himself, with a part of his force, moved southward to the help of Lee at Petersburg. . . . No one on our side seems to have suspected that the Confederate soldiery were even then stealthily withdrawing from their works in our front, preparatory to hastening after their comrades who had already filed hurriedly and dolefully out of the opposite portals of Richmond. . . .

The enemy defenses appeared to have been, while manned, almost impregnable. Two separate lines of abatis, three lines of rifle-pits and earthworks—the first and second connected by regular lines of redans—with a fort or very strong earthwork on every elevation—such were a part of the impediments which had so long kept our soldiers out of Richmond. If one of these lines had been carried, it was completely commanded by that next behind it; so that our loss while holding it must have been ten to one; while to advance and storm the next barrier must, for the moment, have involved still greater prodigality of life. Yet these works our troops had lain down the previous night expecting to assail at daybreak in the morning. . . .

Jefferson Davis had left at 10 p. m. of Sunday. Nearly all the Confederate officials, including their members of Congress, had also taken their leave; as had William Smith, Governor of Virginia, and most of his satellites. There was no shadow of resistance

offered to our occupation; and there is no room for doubt that a large majority of all who remained in Richmond heartily welcomed our army as deliverers. . . .

The city was of course placed under military rule. . . . The fire was extinguished so soon as possible; but not till it had burned out the very heart of Richmond, including its great warehouses, the post-offices, etc. The losses of private property by the conflagration must have amounted to many millions of dollars, since a full third of the city was destroyed. Libby prison, Castle Thunder, and the Tredegar Iron Works, were unharmed. . . .

Before noon of that day the news of Richmond's fall had been flashed across the loyal States, and it was soon confirmed by telegrams from President Lincoln, then at City Point, and from the Secretary of War at Washington. In New York an impromptu gathering of many thousands immediately filled Wall Street, and listened, with cheers and thanksgiving to dispatches, addresses, etc.; while the bells of Trinity and St. Paul's chimed melodiously with the general joy and praise. So in Washington and other great cities, the popular feeling of relief and gratitude found many modes of expression, wherein the readers of next day's journals detected no unmanly exaltation over the fallen, and scarcely a word of wrath or bitterness, or demanding vengeful inflictions on those whose unhallowed ambition had so long divided, so widely devastated, and so nearly destroyed, the Republic.

THE LAST STAND OF LEE'S ARMY

By General John B. Gordon

GENERAL GORDON, from whose "Reminiscences of the Civil War" this account is taken by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, commanded one wing of Lee's army during the final period of the war. He here describes its desperate situation on April 8, 1865, the day before the Confederate surrender.

Gordon, a native of Georgia, entered the Confederate army as a captain of infantry in 1861, and rose to be a lieutenant-general. After the war he served two terms in the United States Senate, where he was a Democratic leader, and was celebrated for his oratory. Later he was Governor of Georgia, and attained national celebrity as a lecturer on subjects connected with the Civil War.

ON the evening of April 8th, this little army, with its ammunition nearly exhausted, was confronted by the forces of General Grant, which had been thrown across our line of retreat at Appomattox. Then came the last sad Confederate council of war. It was called by Lee to meet at night. It met in the woods at his headquarters and by a low-burning bivouac-fire. There was no tent there, no table, no chairs, and no camp-stools. On blankets spread upon the ground or on saddles at the roots of the trees we sat around the great commander. A painter's brush might transfer to canvas the physical features of that scene, but no tongue or pen will ever be able to describe the unutterable anguish of Lee's commanders as they looked into the clouded face of their beloved leader and sought to draw from it some ray of hope.

There were present at this final council the general-in-chief, the commander of his artillery, General Pendleton; General Fitzhugh Lee, who in the absence of Wade Hampton commanded the cavalry, and General Longstreet and myself, commanding all that was left of his immortal infantry. These fragments of each arm of the service still represented the consecration and courage that had made Lee's army, at the meridian of its power, almost invincible.

The numbers and names of the staff officers who were present I cannot now recall; and it would be as impossible to give the words that were spoken or the suggestions that were made as it would to photograph the thoughts and emotions of that soldier group gathered at Lee's last bivouac. The letters of General Grant asking surrender, and the replies thereto, evoked a discussion as to the fate of the Southern people and the condition in which the failure of our cause would leave them. There was also some discussion as to the possibility of forcing a passage through Grant's lines and saving a small portion of the army, and continuing a desultory warfare until the Government at Washington should grow weary and grant to our people peace, and the safeguard of local self-government. If all that was said and felt at that meeting could be given it would make a volume of measureless pathos. In no hour of the great war did General Lee's masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous as they did in that last council. We knew by our own aching hearts that

his was breaking. Yet he commanded himself, and stood calmly facing and discussing the long-dreaded and inevitable.

It was finally determined that with Fitz Lee's cavalry, my infantry, and Long's artillery, under Colonel Thomas H. Carter, we should attempt at daylight the next morning to cut through Grant's lines. Longstreet was to follow in support of the movement.

The utmost that could be hoped for was that we might reach the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee with a remnant of the army, and ultimately join General Johnston. As we rode away from the meeting I directed a staff officer to return to General Lee and ask him if he had any specific directions as to where I should halt and camp for the night. He said: "Yes; tell General Gordon that I should be glad for him to halt just beyond the Tennessee line." That line was about two hundred miles away, and Grant's battlelines and breastworks were in our immediate front, ready to check any movement in that direction; but General Lee knew that I would interpret his facetious message exactly as he intended it. His purpose was to let me infer that there was little hope of our escape and that it did not matter where I camped for the night; but if we should succeed in cutting our way out, he expected me to press toward the goal in the mountains.

The Federals had constructed a line of breastwork across our front during the night. The audacious movement of our troops was begun at dawn. The

dashing cavalry leader, Fitzhugh Lee, swept through the Union left flank, while the infantry and artillery attacked the front. I take especial pride in recording the fact that this last charge of the war was made by the footsore and starving men of my command with a spirit worthy the best days of Lee's army. The Union breastworks were carried. Two pieces of artillery were captured. The Federals were driven from all that portion of the field, and the brave boys in tattered gray cheered as their battle-flags waved in triumph on that last morning.

The Confederate battle-lines were still advancing when I discovered a heavy column of Union infantry coming from the right and upon my rear. I gathered around me my sharpshooters, who were now held for such emergencies, and directed Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of the artillery, to turn all his guns upon the advancing columns. It was held at bay by his shrapnel, grape and canister. While the Confederate infantry and cavalry were thus fighting at the front, and the artillery was checking the development of Federal forces around my right and rear, Longstreet was assailed by other portions of the Federal army. He was so hardly pressed that he could not join, as contemplated, in the effort to break the cordon of men and metal around us. At this critical juncture a column of Union cavalry appeared on the hills to my left, headed for the broad space between Longstreet's command and mine. In a few minutes that body of Federal cavalry would not only have seized the trains

but cut off all communication between the two wings of Lee's army and rendered its capture inevitable. I therefore detached a brigade to double-quick and intercept this Federal force.

Such was the situation, its phases rapidly shifting and growing more intensely thrilling at each moment, when I received a significant inquiry from General Lee. It was borne by Colonel Charles S. Venable, of his staff, afterward the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. The commander wished me to report at once as to the conditions on my portion of the field, what progress I was making, and what encouragement I could give. I said: "Tell General Lee that my command has been fought to a frazzle, and unless Longstreet can unite in the movement, or prevent these forces from coming upon my rear, I can not long go forward."

In the words of Colonel Venable: "At three o'clock on the morning of that fatal day, General Lee rode forward, still hoping that he might break through the countless hordes of the enemy who hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could cut through the enemy. I found General Gordon and General Fitz Lee on their front line in the light of the morning, arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message (I give the expressive phrase of the Georgian) was this: 'Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps.' "

Colonel Venable adds that when General Lee received my message he said: "There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths." My troops were still fighting, furiously fighting in nearly every direction, when the final note from General Lee reached me. It notified me that there was a flag of truce between General Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I could communicate that fact to the commander of the Union forces in my front. There was no unnecessary delay in sending that message. I called Colonel Green Peyton of my staff, and directed him to take a flag of truce and bear the message to General Ord, who commanded, as I supposed, the Union infantry in my front. I ordered him to say to the Union commander this, and nothing more: "General Gordon has received notice from General Lee of a flag of truce, stopping the battle." Colonel Peyton soon informed me that we had no flag of truce. I said: "Well, take your handkerchief and tie that on a stick, and go." He felt in his pocket and said, "General, I have no handkerchief." "Then tear your shirt, sir, and tie that to a stick." He looked at his shirt, and then at mine, and said, "General, I have on a flannel shirt, and I see you have. I don't believe there is a white shirt in the army." "Get something, sir," I ordered. "Get something and go!"

He secured a rag of some sort, and rode rapidly away in search of General Ord. He did not find Ord, but he found Sheridan, and returned to me accom-

panied by an officer of strikingly picturesque appearance. This Union officer was slender and graceful, and a superb rider. He wore his hair very long, falling almost to his shoulders. Guided by my staff-officer, he galloped to where I was sitting on my horse, and, with faultless grace and courtesy, saluted me with his saber and said:

"I am General Custer, and bear a message to you from General Sheridan. The general desires me to present to you his compliments, and to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of all the troops under your command." I replied, "You will please, general, return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender my command." "He directs me to say to you, general, if there is any hesitation about your surrender, that he has you surrounded and can annihilate your command in an hour."

To this I answered that I was probably as well aware of my situation as was General Sheridan; that I had nothing to add to my message informing him of the contents of the note from General Lee; that if General Sheridan decided to continue the fighting in the face of the flag of truce, the responsibility for the blood shed would be his and not mine.

In a short time thereafter a white flag was seen approaching. Under it was Philip Sheridan, accompanied by a mounted escort almost as large as one of Fitz Lee's regiments. Sheridan was mounted on an enormous horse, a very handsome animal. . . .

The meeting of Lee and Grant, and the impressive formalities which followed, put an end to the interview, and we parted without the slightest breach of strict military courtesy. . . .

When the proud and sensitive sons of Dixie came to a full realization of the truth that the Confederacy was overthrown and their leader had been compelled to surrender his once invincible army, they could no longer control their emotions, and tears ran down their shrunken faces. The flags which they still carried were objects of undisguised affection. These Southern banners had gone down before overwhelming numbers; and torn by shells, riddled by bullets, and laden with the powder and smoke of battle, they aroused intense emotion in the men who so often followed them to victory. Yielding to overpowering sentiment, these high-mettled men began to tear the flags from the staffs and hide them in their bosoms, as they wet them with burning tears.

The Confederate officers faithfully endeavored to check this exhibition of loyalty and love for the old flags. A great majority of them were duly surrendered; but many were secretly carried by devoted veterans to their homes, and will be cherished forever as honored heirlooms.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE AT APPOMATTOX

By General Ulysses Simpson Grant

IF ever there was a book written under difficulties, it was Grant's Memoirs. A business failure had involved him in financial ruin, and at the time he was living on borrowed money. He was ill, slowly dying of cancer in fact, fighting to live long enough to complete the work which would provide for his wife and children. With dogged determination he steeled himself to endure the increasing pain and put in long hours at his desk.

The circumstances of the book's publication created an immense audience for it, and justified "Mark Twain"—Samuel L. Clemens—who published it, in the first royalty payment of $200,000, said to be the largest single payment of royalty in the world, which he made to Grant's widow. General Grant died happy in the realization that his work was not only finished, but highly acceptable to his countrymen. This account is taken from Grant's Memoirs, by permission of the Century Co.

ON the 8th [April, 1865] I had followed the Army of the Potomac in rear of Lee. . . . During the night I received Lee's answer to my letter of the 8th, inviting an interview between the lines on the following morning. But it was for a different purpose from that of surrendering his army, and I answered him as follows . . .

[April 9.] Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for ten a. m. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms

they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe, etc. . . .

Lee . . . sent . . . this message . . . to me.

> [April 9.] . . . I received your note of this morning on the picket-line whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose. . . .

. . . I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. . . .

. . . We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were

sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the

conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms . . .

> [April 9.] . . . In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of

> their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. . . .

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

> [April 9.] . . . I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect. . . .

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand": and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that. . . .

When news of the surrender first reached our lines our men commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped. The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

DAVIS'S FLIGHT FROM RICHMOND AND CAPTURE IN GEORGIA

Jefferson Davis's Own Account

IN his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" (D. Appleton & Company) Jefferson Davis thus recounts his flight from Richmond, on hearing from General Lee that the city must be evacuated. The President of the Confederacy, with a volunteer escort, started for Washington, Georgia, intending to make his way beyond the Mississippi. A report that his wife was in danger led him to change his course to join her, and on May 10, 1865, he was captured near Irwinville, Georgia. The story of his masking in a woman's dress had no other foundation than is here set forth.

General Nelson A. Miles, who was in command of Fortress Monroe while Davis was imprisoned there, has denied treating him with undue harshness and has explained that light anklets were placed upon his ankles "to prevent the possibility of his attempting to jump past the guard or commit any act of violence while grated doors were being put in his room."

ON Sunday, the 2d of April [1865], while I was in St. Paul's Church, General Lee's telegram, announcing his speedy withdrawal from Petersburg and the consequent necessity for evacuating Richmond, was handed to me. I quietly rose and left the church. The occurrence probably attracted attention, but the people of Richmond had been too long beleaguered, had known me too often to receive notice of threatened attacks, and the congregation of St. Paul's was too refined, to make a scene at anticipated danger. For all these reasons, the reader will be prepared for the announcement that the sensational stories which have been published about the

agitation caused by my leaving the church during service were the creation of fertile imaginations. I went to my office and assembled the heads of departments and bureaus, as far as they could be found on a day when all the offices were closed, and gave the needful instructions for our removal that night, simultaneously with General Lee's withdrawal from Petersburg. The event was not unforeseen, and some preparation had been made for it, though, as it came sooner than was expected, there was yet much to be done. . . .

Being alone in Richmond, the few arrangements needful for my personal wants were soon made after reaching home. Then, leaving all else in the care of the housekeeper, I waited until notified of the time when the train would depart; then, going to the station, started for Danville, whither I supposed General Lee would proceed with his army. . . .

We arrived at Charlotte on April 18, 1865, and I there received, at the moment of dismounting, a telegram from General Breckinridge announcing, on information received from General Sherman, that President Lincoln had been assassinated. An influential citizen of the town, who had come to welcome me, was standing near me, and, after remarking to him in a low voice that I had received sad intelligence, I handed the telegram to him. Some troopers encamped in the vicinity had collected to see me; they called to the gentleman who had the dispatch in his hand to read it, no doubt supposing it to be army news. He complied with their request, and a few, only taking in the

fact, but not appreciating the evil it portended, cheered, as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe. The man who invented the story of my having read the dispatch with exultation had free scope for his imagination, as he was not present, and had no chance to know whereof he bore witness, even if there had been any foundation of truth for his fiction.

For an enemy so relentless in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn; yet, in view of its political consequences, it could not be regarded otherwise than as a great misfortune to the South. He had power over the Northern people, and was without personal malignity toward the people of the South; his successor was without power in the North, and the embodiment of malignity toward the Southern people, perhaps the more so because he had betrayed and deserted them in the hour of their need. The war had now shrunk into narrow proportions, but the important consideration remained to so conduct it that, if failing to secure independence, we might obtain a treaty or quasi-treaty of peace which would secure to the Southern States their political rights, and to the people thereof immunity from the plunder of their private property. . . .

. . . On the second or third day after leaving Washington, I heard that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but of whom I heard, at

Washington, that they had gone with my private secretary, and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort, to the Florida coast. Their route was to the east of that I was pursuing, but I immediately changed direction and rode rapidly across the country to overtake them. . . .

For the protection of my family I traveled with them two or three days, when, believing that they had passed out of the region of the marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall, to execute my original purpose. My horse and those of my party proper were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully dressed, to rest.

Nothing occurred to rouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free colored man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes, came and told me there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to

do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction.

As it was quite dark in the tent I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglan," a waterproof, light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape.

My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing they had met our armed escort, and some

casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Waylor Wood, with Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape. Colonel Pritchard went over to their battle-field, and I did not see him for a long time, surely more than an hour after my capture. He subsequently claimed credit, in a conversation with me, for the forbearance shown by his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrender.

Wilson and others have uttered many falsehoods in regard to my capture, which have been exposed in publications by persons there present—by Secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, and by the colored coachman, Jim Jones, which must have been convincing to all who were not given over to believe a lie. For this reason I will postpone, to some other time and more appropriate place, any further notice of the story and its variations, all the spawn of a malignity that shames the civilization of the age. We were, when prisoners, subjected to petty pillage, and to annoyances such as military gentlemen never commit or permit.

On our way to Macon we received the proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, offering a reward

for my apprehension as an accomplice in the assassination of the late President Abraham Lincoln. Some troops by the wayside had the proclamation, which was displayed with vociferous demonstrations of exultation over my capture. When we arrived at Macon I was conducted to the hotel where General Wilson had his quarters. A strong guard was in front of the entrance, and, when I got down to pass in, it opened ranks, facing inward, and presented arms. . . .

At Augusta we were put on a steamer, and there met Vice-President Stephens, and C. C. Clay, who had surrendered himself. At Port Royal we were transferred to a sea-going vessel which, instead of being sent to Washington City, was brought to anchor at Hampton Roads.

One by one all my companions in misfortune were sent away, we knew not whither, leaving on the vessel only Mr. Clay and his wife and myself and family. After some days' detention, Clay and myself were removed to Fortress Monroe, and there incarcerated in separate cells. Not knowing that the government was at war with women and children, I asked that my family might be permitted to leave the ship and go to Richmond or Washington City, or to some place where they had acquaintances, but this was refused. I then requested that they might be permitted to go abroad on one of the vessels lying at the Roads. This was also denied; finally, I was informed that they must return to Savannah on the vessel by which we

came. This was an old transport-ship, hardly seaworthy. My last attempt was to get for them the privilege of stopping at Charleston, where they had many personal friends. This also was refused—why, I did not then know, have not learned since, and am unwilling to make a supposition, as none could satisfactorily account for such an act of inhumanity.

My daily experience as a prisoner shed no softer light on the transaction, but only served to intensify my extreme solicitude. Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches have been made by the magnanimous, on account of the needless torture to which I was subjected, and the heavy fetters riveted upon me, while in a stone casemate and surrounded by a strong guard; but all these were less excruciating than the mental agony my captors were able to inflict. It was long before I was permitted to hear from my wife and children, and this, and things like this, was the power which education added to savage cruelty.

THE DISBANDING OF THE FEDERAL ARMY

By James G. Blaine

AT the time the Federal army was disbanded in 1865, Blaine was a member of Congress from Maine, to which body he was elected in 1862, serving seven successive terms. This account is taken from his "Twenty Years in Congress."

Blaine was a native of Pennsylvania, where he graduated from Washington College in 1847, subsequently becoming a Maine newspaper editor, and in 1858 was a member of the Maine Legislature. Nominated for the Presidency by the Republican National Convention of 1884, he was defeated by Grover Cleveland.

The number of Federal soldiers of official Civil War record was 2,666,999. Federal casualties numbered 359,528; 110,070 men were killed in action or died of wounds, and 249,458 died from disease, accident or other causes. Enrolled in the Confederate armies were about 500,000 men. Their entire loss in killed and wounded was less than 100,000.

THE wonder excited by the raising of the vast army which saved the Union from destruction was even surpassed by the wonder excited by its prompt and peaceful dissolution. On the day that the task of disbandment was undertaken, the Army of the United States bore upon its rolls the names of one million five hundred and sixteen men (1,000,516). The killed, and those who had previously retired on account of wounds and sickness and from the expiration of shorter terms of service, aggregated, after making due allowance for reënlistments of the same persons, at least another million. The living among these had retired gradually during the war, and had resumed their old avocations, or, in the great

demand for workmen created by the war itself, had found new employment. But with the close of hostilities many industries which had been created by the demands of war ceased, and thousands of men were thrown out of employment. The disbandment of the Volunteer Army would undoubtedly add hundreds of thousands to this number, and thus still further overstock and embarrass the labor market. The prospect was not encouraging, and many judicious men feared the result.

Happily all anticipations of evil proved groundless. By an instinct of self-support and self-adjustment, that great body of men who left the military service during the latter half of the year 1865 and early in the year 1866 reentered civil life with apparent contentment and even with certain advantages. Their experience as soldiers, so far from unfitting them for the duties and callings of an era of Peace, seem rather to have proved an admirable school, and to have given them habits of promptness and punctuality, order and neatness, which added largely to their efficiency in whatever field they were called to labor. After the Continental Army was dissolved, its members were found to be models of industry and intelligence in all the walks of life. The successful mechanics, the thrifty tradesmen, the well-to-do farmers in the old thirteen States were found, in great proportion, to have held a commission or carried a musket in the Army of the Revolution. They were, moreover, the strong pioneers who settled the first tier of States to

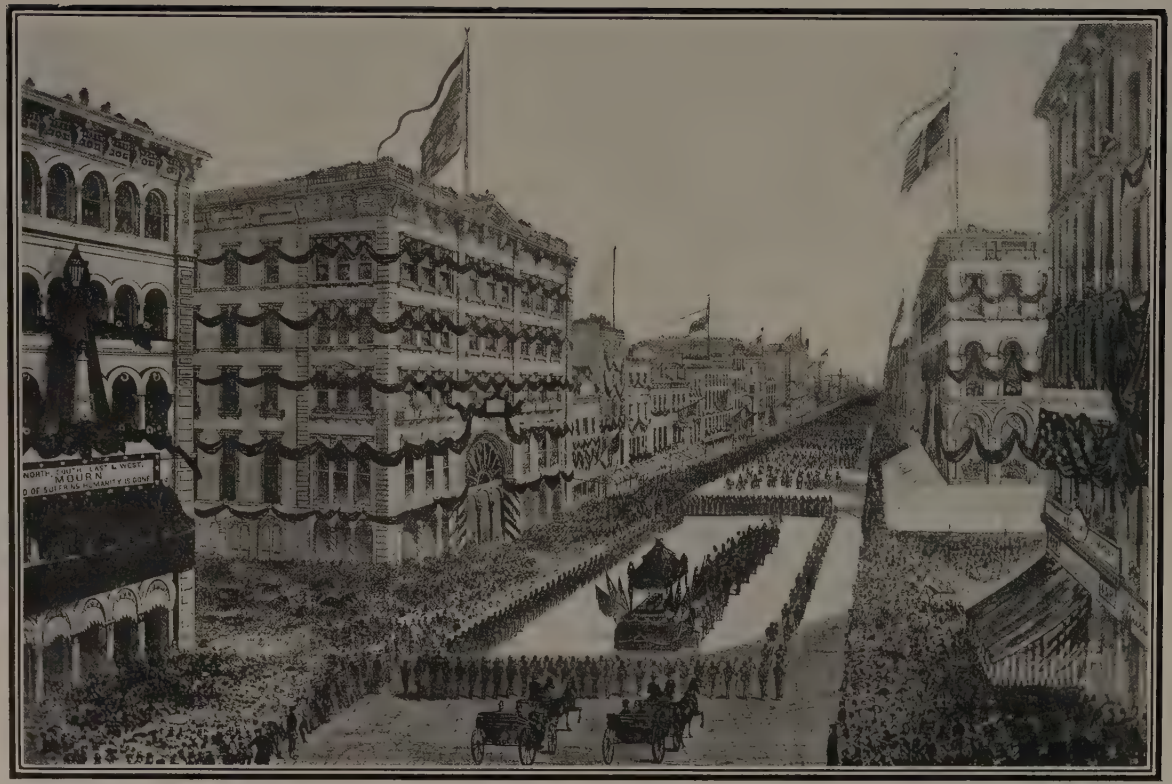
the westward, and laid the solid foundation which assured progress and prosperity to their descendants. Their success as civil magistrates, as legislators, as executives was not less marked and meritorious than their illustrious service in war. The same cause brought the same result a century later in men of the same blood fighting with equal valor the same battle of constitutional liberty. The inspiration of a great cause does not fail to ennoble the humblest of those who do battle in its defense. Those who stood in the ranks of the Union Army have established this truth by the twenty years of honorable life through which they have passed since their patriotic service was crowned with victory.

The officers who led the Union Army throughout all the stages of the civil conflict were in the main young men. This feature has been a distinguishing mark in nearly all the wars in which the American people have taken part, and with a few notable exceptions has been the rule in the leading military struggles of the world. Alexander the Great died in his thirty-second year. Cæsar entered upon the conquest of Gaul at forty. Frederick the Great was the leading commander of Europe at thirty-three. Napoleon and Wellington, born the same year, fought their last battle at forty-six years of age. On the exceptional side Marlborough's greatest victories were won when he was nearly sixty (though he had been brilliantly distinguished at twenty-two), and in our own day the most skillful campaign in Europe was

under the direction of Von Moltke when he was in the seventieth year of his age. . . .

General Grant won his campaign of the Tennessee, and fought the battles of Henry, Donelson, and Shiloh when he was thirty-eight years of age. Sherman entered upon his onerous work in the southwest when he was forty-one, and accomplished the march to the sea when he was forty-four. Thomas began his splendid career in Kentucky when he was forty-three, and fought the critical and victorious battle of Nashville when he was forty-six. Sheridan was but thirty-three when he confirmed a reputation, already enviable, by his great campaign in 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley. Meade won the decisive battle of Gettysburg when he was forty-seven. McClellan was but thirty-five when he succeeded General Scott in command of the army. McDowell was forty-five when he fought the first battle of magnitude in the war. Buell was forty-two when he joined his forces with Grant's army on the second day's fight at Shiloh. Pope was scarcely over forty when he attained the highest credit for his success in the southwest. Hancock was forty-one when he proved himself one of the most brilliant commanders in the army by his superb bearing on the field of Spottyslvania. Hooker was forty-six when he assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. . . .

Among the officers who volunteered from civil life the success of young men as commanders was not less marked than among the graduates of West Point.



THE LINCOLN FUNERAL CORTEGE, NEW YORK CITY
From the photograph taken by J. H. Kelley

General Logan, to whom is conceded by common consent the leading reputation among volunteer officers, and who rose to the command of an army, went to the field at thirty-five. General Butler was forty-two when he was placed at the head of the Army of the Gulf, and began his striking career in Louisiana. General Banks was forty-four when with the rank of major-general he took command of the Department of Maryland. Alfred Terry, since distinguished in the regular service, achieved high rank as a volunteer at thirty-five. Garfield was a major-general at thirty-one with brilliant promise as a soldier when he left the field to enter Congress. Frank Blair at forty-one was a successful commander in the arduous campaign which ended with the fall of Vicksburg.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

By John George Nicolay and John Hay

NICOLAY and Hay, from whose "Abraham Lincoln: A History," this account is taken, by permission of the Century Company, were respectively Secretary and Assistant Secretary to President Lincoln from the time he took office until his tragic death. Nicolay had been an Illinois newspaper editor, when he and Lincoln formed a friendship. Hay, six years younger than Nicolay, studied law in Lincoln's office at Springfield and accompanied the President-elect on his memorable journey to Washington.

Both these biographers were present at the death-bed of the "Great Emancipator," who is here eloquently characterized as "the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come . . . on whom quick death was to descend—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century."

FROM the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vaporings of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drolling of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secre-

tary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, "Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin," the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief.

He knew indeed that incitements to murder him were not uncommon in the South. An advertisement had appeared in a paper of Selma, Alabama, in December, 1864, opening a subscription for funds to effect the assassination of Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson before the inauguration. There was more of this murderous spirit abroad than was suspected. A letter was found in the Confederate Archives from one Lieutenant Alston, who wrote to Jefferson Davis immediately after Lincoln's reëlection offering to "rid his country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery." This shameless proposal was referred, by Mr. Davis's direction, to the Secretary of War; and by Judge Campbell, Assistant Secretary of

War, was sent to the Confederate Adjutant-General indorsed "for attention." We can readily imagine what reception an officer would have met with who should have laid before Mr. Lincoln a scheme to assassinate Jefferson Davis. It was the uprightness and the kindliness of his own heart that made him slow to believe that any such ignoble fury could find a place in the hearts of men in their right minds. Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over. He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He would receive hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He would walk at midnight, with a single secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department, and back. He would ride through the lonely roads of an uninhabited suburb from the White House to the Sol-

diers' Home in the dusk of evening, and return to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when, late in the war, it was decided that there must be a guard stationed at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily ride; but he was always reasonable and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings, of alarms that were not founded, and of plots that came to nothing, thus passed away; but precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation over the long insurrection seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security was diffused over the country, one of the conspiracies, not seemingly more important than the many abortive ones, ripened in the sudden heat of hatred and despair. A little band of malignant secessionists, consisting of John Wilkes Booth, an actor, of a famous family of players; Lewis Powell, alias Payne, a disbanded rebel soldier from Florida; George Atzerodt, formerly a coachmaker, but more recently a spy and blockade runner of the Potomac; David E. Herold, a young druggist's clerk; Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, Maryland secessionists and Confederate soldiers, and John H. Surratt, had their ordinary rendezvous at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the widowed mother of the last named, formerly a woman of some property in Maryland, but reduced by reverses to keeping a small boarding-house in Washington. Booth was the leader of the little coterie. He was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly hand-

some, with a pale olive face, dark eyes, and that ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He had played for several seasons with only indifferent success; his value as an actor lay rather in his romantic beauty of person than in any talent or industry he possessed. He was a fanatical secessionist; had assisted at the capture and execution of John Brown, and had imbibed, at Richmond and other Southern cities where he had played, a furious spirit of partisanship against Lincoln and the Union party. After the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, which rang the knell of the insurrection, Booth, like many of the secessionists North and South, was stung to the quick by disappointment. He visited Canada, consorted with the rebel emissaries there, and at last —whether or not at their instigation cannot certainly be said—conceived a scheme to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He spent a great part of the autumn and winter inducing a small number of loose fish of secession sympathies to join him in this fantastic enterprise. He seemed always well supplied with money, and talked largely of his speculations in oil as a source of income; but his agent afterwards testified that he never realized a dollar from that source; that his investments, which were inconsiderable, were a total loss. The winter passed away and nothing was accomplished. On the 4th of March, Booth was at the Capitol and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President

walked to the east front of the building. His intentions at this time are not known; he afterwards said he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day. There are indications in the evidence given on the trial of the conspirators that they suffered some great disappointment in their schemes in the latter part of March, and a letter from Arnold to Booth, dated March 27, showed that some of them had grown timid of the consequences of their contemplated enterprise and were ready to give it up. He advised Booth, before going further, "to go and see how it will be taken in R——d." But timid as they might be by nature, the whole group was so completely under the ascendancy of Booth that they did not dare disobey him when in his presence; and after the surrender of Lee, in an access of malice and rage which was akin to madness, he called them together and assigned each his part in the new crime, the purpose of which had arisen suddenly in his mind out of the ruins of the abandoned abduction scheme. This plan was as brief and simple as it was horrible. Powell, alias Payne, the stalwart, brutal, simple-minded boy from Florida, was to murder Seward; Atzerodt, the comic villain of the drama, was assigned to remove Andrew Johnson; Booth reserved for himself the most difficult and most conspicuous rôle of the tragedy; it was Herold's duty to attend him as a page and aid in his escape. Minor parts were assigned to stage-carpenters and other hangers-on, who probably did not understand what it all meant. Herold, Atzerodt, and Surratt had pre-

viously deposited at a tavern at Surrattsville, Maryland, owned by Mrs. Surratt, but kept by a man named Lloyd, a quantity of ropes, carbines, ammunition and whisky, which were to be used in the abduction scheme. On the 11th of April Mrs. Surratt, being at the tavern, told Lloyd to have the shooting-irons in readiness, and on Friday, the 14th, again visited the place and told him they would probably be called for that night.

The preparations for the final blow were made with feverish haste; it was only about noon of the 14th that Booth learned the President was to go to Ford's Theater that night. It has always been a matter of surprise in Europe that he should have been at a place of amusement on Good Friday; but the day was not kept sacred in America, except by the members of certain churches. It was not, throughout the country, a day of religious observance. The President was fond of the theater; it was one of his few means of recreation. It was natural enough that, on this day of profound national thanksgiving, he should take advantage of a few hours' relaxation to see a comedy. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him; it was represented to him that appearing occasionally in public would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet. Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her; they had accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made as an advertisement in the evening papers; but they changed

their minds and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and the stepson of Senator Harris. The President's carriage called for these young people, and the four went together to the theater. The President had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously; the President bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting and the play went on.

From the moment Booth ascertained the President's intention to attend the theater in the evening his every action was alert and energetic. He and his confederates, Herold, Surratt and Atzerodt, were seen on horseback in every part of the city. He had a hurried conference with Mrs. Surratt before she started for Lloyd's tavern. He intrusted to an actor named Matthews a carefully prepared statement of his reasons for committing the murder which he charged him to give to the publisher of the "National Intelligencer," but which Matthews, in the terror and dismay of the night, burned without showing to any one. Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater, where he was greatly liked by all the employees, without other reason than the sufficient one of his youth and good looks. Either by himself or with the aid of his friends he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and

audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box; once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door, through which he might either observe the occupants or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small, fleet horse, which he showed with pride during the day to barkeepers and loafers among his friends.

The moon rose that night at ten o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy, and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress-circle and made his way to the passage leading to the President's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly, and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition and the door through which he had bored the hole. Their eyes were fixed upon the stage; the play was "Our American Cousin," the original version by Tom Taylor, before Sothern had made a new work of it by his elaboration of the part of Dundreary. Not one, not

even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night —the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two

young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President." From

the audience, at first stupid with surprise and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Major Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, burst-

ing through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth Street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth Street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. . . .

The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley kneeled by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.